

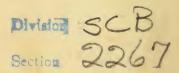
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HYMNS

FOR

SCHOOL AND COLLEGE USE.

THE SEASONS.

1.

S. M.

Spring.

- 1 / Sweet is the time of spring,
 When nature's charms appear;
 The birds with ceaseless pleasure sing,
 And hail the opening year:
- But sweeter far the spring
 Of wisdom and of grace,
 When children bless and praise their King,
 Who loves the youthful race.
- 3 Sweet is the dawn of day,
 When light just streaks the sky;
 When shades and darkness pass away,
 And morning's beams are nigh:

1

1

- 4 But sweeter far the dawn
 Of piety in youth;
 When doubt and darkness are withdrawn,
 Before the light of truth.
- 5 Sweet is the early dew, Which gilds the mountain tops, And decks each plant and flower we view With pearly, glittering drops:
- But sweeter far the scene
 On Zion's holy hill,
 When there the dew of youth is seen
 Its freshness to distil.

2. 7 s. M.

The God of Spring.

- 1 Praise and thanks and cheerful love Rise from everything below, To the mighty One above, Who his wondrous love doth show: Praise him, each created thing!— God, your Father,—God of spring!
- 2 Praise him, trees so lately bare! Praise him, fresh and new-born flowers! All ye creatures of the air, All ye soft-descending showers, Praise, with each awakening thing, Praise your Maker,—God of spring!
- 3 Praise him, man!—thy fitful heart Let this balmy season move

To employ its noblest part, Softest mercy, sweetest love,— Blessing, with each living thing, God the bounteous,—God of spring!

3. 7 s. M.

Spring.

- 1 Hall! reviving, joyous spring,
 Smiling through thy veil of showers!
 Birds and brooks thy welcome sing:
 Haste, and waken all thy flowers.
- 2 Hark! a sweet pervading sound From the breathing, moving earth: Life is starting all around, Sending joy and fragrance forth.
- 3 There is not a silent thing
 In this joyous company;
 Woods and hills and valleys ring
 With a shout of jubilee.
- 4 Wake, my spirit! art thou still?
 Senseless things have found a voice;
 Shall this throbbing heart be still
 When all nature cries, Rejoice?
- Join the grateful, happy throng,
 Cast each selfish care away;
 Birds and brooks shall tune your song:
 This is Nature's holiday.

FOLLEN.

8 & 7 s. M.

Spring.

- 1 Lo! the bright, the rosy morning Calls me forth to take the air; Cheerful spring, with smiles returning, Ushers in the new-born year.
- 2 Vernal music, softly sounding, Echoes through the verdant grove; Nature now, with life abounding, Swells with harmony and love.
- 3 Now the kind, refreshing showers
 Water all the plains around;
 Springing grass and painted flowers
 In the smiling meads abound.
- 4 Praise to thee, thou great Creator!
 Praise be thine from every tongue!
 Join, my soul, with every creature,
 Join the universal song.

5.

8 & 7 s. M.

Early Spring-time.

- 1 HARK! the little birds are singing:
 Winter's gone, and summer's near:
 See, the tender grass is springing,
 And the flowers will soon be here.
- 2 Who made the winter and the spring? Who painted all the flowers?

Who taught the little birds to sing, And made these hearts of ours?

3 O, 'tis God! how good he is!
He does every blessing give:
All this happy world is his:
Let us love him while we live.

MRS. FOLLEN.

6. C. P. M.

Summer.

- 1 Go forth, my heart, and seek the bliss
 Of such a summer day as this,
 Bestowed on all by heaven:
 The beauties of the garden see,
 Behold! it is for thee and me
 Its glories all are given.
- 2 The trees with whispering leaves are dressed, The earth upon her dusky breast Her robe of green is wearing; The flowers are blooming far and wide, Not Solomon in all his pride With them would bear comparing.
- 3 The never idle troops of bees
 Fly here and there, and where they please
 Their honey food are quaffing;
 The sap is running up the vine,
 Round the old elm its tendrils twine,
 And in the sun are laughing.

ລັ

- 4 And can I, may I, silent be?
 When all God's glorious works I see,
 My soul desires to know him.
 When all are singing, I must sing,
 And to the Highest I must bring
 The tribute which I owe him.
- 5 Are all things here so bright and fair, And has He with a loving care My happy being given? What, in that glorious world above, Where all is beauty, all is love,— What shall I be in heaven?

7 & 6 s. M.

7.

Summer.

- 1 'T is summer, glorious summer, —
 Look to the glad, green earth,
 How from her grateful bosom
 The herb and flower spring forth; —
 These are her rich thanksgivings,
 The incense floats above!
 Father! what may we offer?
 (Thy chosen flower is love.)
- 2 'T is summer, blessed summer, The lofty hills are bright; All nature's fountains sparkle, — Shall ours have lesser light? No! bid each spirit praise him, Who hangs on every tree A thousand living lyres, Awaking harmony.

3 'T is summer in our bosoms,
When youthful snares we fly,
And strength and peace are given
By angel ministry.
'T is summer in yon heaven,
Where, teachers, ye shall know
While time shall last, the blessedness
Wrought by your love below.

MISS SIMES.

8.

C. M.

A Harvest Hymn.

- 1 To praise the ever-bounteous Lord, My soul, wake all thy powers: He calls, and at his voice comes forth The smiling harvest hours.
- 2 His covenant with the earth he keeps; My tongue, his goodness sing; Summer and winter know their time, His harvest crowns the spring.
- 3 Well pleased the laborers behold The waving yellow crop, With joy they bear the sheaves away, And sow again in hope.
- 4 Thus teach me, gracious God, to sow
 The seeds of righteousness:
 Smile on my soul, and with thy beams
 The ripening harvest bless.

NEEDHAM.

8 & 7 s. M.

Autumn.

- 1 See the leaves around us falling, Dry and withered, to the ground, Thus to thoughtless mortals calling, In a sad and solemn sound,—
- 2 "Youth, on length of days presuming, Who the paths of pleasure tread, View us, late in beauty blooming, Numbered now among the dead.
- 3 "What, though yet no losses grieve you,— Gay with health and many a grace; Let not cloudless skies deceive you; Summer gives to autumn place.
- 4 "Yearly in our course returning, Messengers of shortest stay, Thus we preach this solemn warning,— You, like us, must pass away."
- 5 On the tree of life eternal
 Then let all our hopes be stayed:
 This alone, for ever vernal,
 Bears a leaf that shall not fade.

HORNE.

10.

7 & 6 s. M.

An Autumnal Hymn.

1 The leaves around me falling Are preaching of decay,

The hollow winds are calling,
"Come, pilgrim, come away!"
The day, in night declining,
Says, I must too decline,
The year, its bloom resigning,
Its lot foreshadows mine!

- 2 The light my path surrounding,
 The loves to which I cling,
 The hopes within me bounding,
 The joys that round me wing,
 All, all, like stars at even,
 Just gleam and shoot away;
 Pass on before to heaven,
 And chide at my delay.
- 3 The friends gone there before me
 Are calling from on high,
 And happy angels o'er me
 Tempt sweetly to the sky.
 "Why wait," they say, "and wither
 'Mid scenes of death and sin?
 O, rise to glory hither,
 And find true life begin!"
- 4 I hear the invitation,
 And fain would rise and come,
 A sinner to salvation,
 An exile to his home;
 But, while I here must linger,
 Thus, thus let all I see
 Point on with faithful finger,
 To heaven, O Lord, and Thee.

S. F. SMITH.

C. M.

Winter.

- 1 STERN Winter throws his icy chains, Encircling nature round; How bleak, how comfortless the plains, Late with gay verdure crowned!
- 2 The sun withholds his vital beams,
 And light and warmth depart;
 And drooping, lifeless nature seems
 An emblem of my heart.
- 3 Return, O blissful sun, and bring Thy soul-reviving ray: This mental winter shall be spring, This darkness, cheerful day.
- 4 O, happy state! divine abode,
 Where spring eternal reigns,
 And perfect day, the smile of God,
 Fills all the heavenly plains.
- 5 Great Source of light! thy beams display,
 My drooping joys restore,
 And guide me to the seats of day,
 Where winter frowns no more.

 Steele.

12. C. M.

The Rapid Flight of Time.

1 Behold, my soul, the narrow bound That marks the passing year!

How swift the weeks complete their round! How short the months appear!

- 2 So fast eternity comes on, And that important day, When all that mortal life has done God's judgment shall survey.
- 3 Yet, like an idle tale, we pass
 The swiftly gliding year,
 And study artful ways to increase
 The speed of its career.
- 4 Awake, O God! my careless heart Its great concern to see, That I may act the Christian part, And give the year to thee.
- 5 So shall their course more grateful roll,
 If future years arise;
 Or this shall bear my waiting soul
 To joy which never dies.

13.

7 s. M.

New Year.

1 While with ceaseless course the sun Hasted through the former year, Many souls their race have run, Never more to meet us here.
Fixed in an eternal state,
They have done with all below;
We a little longer wait,
But how little, none can know.

2 Spared to see another year, Let Thy blessing meet us here; Come, Thy dying work revive, Bid Thy drooping garden thrive: Sun of Righteousness, arise! Warm our hearts and bless our eyes; Let our prayer Thy pity move, Make this year a time of love.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive,
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us henceforth how to live,
With eternity in view:
Bless Thy word to old and young,
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
When our life's short race is run,
May we dwell with Thee above.

NEWTON.

14.

7 s. M.

The New Year.

- 1 See, another year is gone!
 Quickly have the seasons past;
 That we enter now upon
 Will to many prove the last.
 Mercy hitherto has spared;
 But have mercies been improved?
 Let us ask, Are we prepared,
 Should we be this year removed?
- 2 Some, whom we no longer see, Who their mortal race have run,

Seemed as fair for life as we,
When the former year begun.
While we now instruction hear,
Help us, Lord, each one to think
That eternity is near;
We are standing on the brink!

3 If from sin thou 'st made us free,
By thy pardoning love and grace;
Welcome then the call will be
To depart and see thy face.
To the good, while here below,
With new days, new mercies come,
But the happiest day they know,
Is their last, which leads them home.

NEWTON.

15. H. M.

Barren Fig-Tree, - or Another Year.

- 1 The Lord of earth and sky,
 The God of ages praise,
 Who reigns enthroned on high,
 Ancient of endless days;
 Who lengthens out our trial here,
 And spares us yet another year.
- 2 Barren and withered trees, We cumbered long the ground; No fruit of holiness On our dead souls was found. Yet doth he us in mercy spare, Another, and another year.

2

3 When justice gave the word,
To cut the fig-tree down,
The pity of our Lord
Cried, "Let it still alone:"
The Father mild inclines his ear,
And spares us yet another year.

16.

L. M.

The New Year.

- 1 Great God, we sing thy mighty hand, By which supported still we stand: The opening year thy mercy shows; Let mercy crown it till it close.
- 2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
 Still we are guarded by our God;
 By his incessant bounty fed,
 By his unerring counsels led.
- 3 With grateful hearts, the past we own; The future, all to us unknown, We to thy guardian care commit, And peaceful leave before thy feet.
- 4 In scenes exalted or depressed, Be thou our joy and thou our rest; Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise, Adored through all our changing days.
- 5 When death shall interrupt our songs, And seal in silence mortal tongues, Our helper, God, in whom we trust, In better worlds our souls shall boast.

DODDRIDGE.

The New Year.

- God of our life, thy various praise
 Let mortal voices sound;
 Thy hand revolves our fleeting days,
 And brings the seasons round.
- 2 To thee shall annual incense rise, Our Father and our friend; While annual mercies from the skies In genial streams descend.
- 3 In every scene of life, thy care, In every age, we see; And constant as thy favors are, So let our praises be.
- 4 Still may thy love, in every scene, To every age appear; And let the same compassion deign To bless the opening year.
- 5 O, keep this foolish heart of mine From anxious passions free, Teach me each comfort to resign, And trust my all to thee.
- 6 If mercy smile, let mercy bring
 My wandering soul to God;
 And in affliction I shall sing,
 If thou wilt bless the rod.

HEGINBOTHAM.

L. M. 81.

Time.

- 1 Time speeds away, away, away;
 Another hour, another day,
 Another month, another year,
 Drop from us like the leaflets sear, —
 Drop like the life-blood from our hearts:
 The rose-bloom from the cheek departs,
 The tresses from the temples fall,
 The eye grows dim and strange to all.
- 2 Time speeds away, away, away;
 Like torrent in a stormy day,
 He undermines the stately tower,
 Uproots the tree, and snaps the flower;
 And sweeps from our distracted breast
 The friends that loved, the friends that blesse
 And leaves us weeping on the shore,
 To which they can return no more.
- 3 Time speeds away,—away,—away;
 No eagle through the skies of day,
 No wind along the hills can flee
 So swiftly or so smooth as he;
 Like flery steed, from stage to stage
 He bears us on, from youth to age;
 Then plunges in the fearful sea
 Of fathomless eternity.

Knox.

C. M.

A New Year.

- 1 Our Father! through the coming year We know not what shall be, But we would leave, without a fear, Its ordering all to thee.
- 2 It may be we shall toil in vain For what the world holds fair, And all its good we thought to gain Deceive, and prove but care.
- 3 It may be it shall darkly blend Our love with anxious fears, And snatch away the valued friend, The tried of many years.
- 4 It may be it shall bring us days And nights of lingering pain, And bid us take our farewell gaze Of these loved haunts of men.
- 5 But calmly, Lord, on thee we rest; No fears our trust shall move; Thou knowest what for each is best, And thou art perfect love.

GASKELL.

20.

L. M.

The Flight of Time.

1 God of eternity, from thee Did infant Time his being draw; 2 *

Moments, and days, and months, and years, Revolve by thine unvaried law.

- 2 Silent and swift they glide away; Steady and strong the current flows, Lost in eternity's wide sea,— The boundless gulf from whence it rose.
- 3 With it the thoughtless sons of men Upon the rapid stream are borne Swift on to their eternal home, Whence not one soul can e'er return.
- 4 Yet while the shore, on either side,
 Presents a gaudy, flattering show,
 We gaze, in fond amazement lost,
 Nor think to what a world we go.
- 5 Great Source of wisdom, teach my heart
 To know the price of every hour,
 That time may bear me on to joys
 Beyond its measure and its power.

 DODDRIDGE.

21. L. M.

"Thou crownest the year with thy goodness."

- 1 Eternal Source of every joy!
 Well may thy praise our lips employ,
 While in thy temple we appear,
 Whose goodness crowns the circling year.
- 2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll, Thy hand supports the steady pole;

THE SEASONS.

The sun is taught by thee to rise, And darkness when to veil the skies.

- 3 The flowery spring, at thy command, Embalms the air and paints the land; The summer rays with vigor shine, To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.
- 4 Thy hand in autumn richly pours,
 Through all our coast, redundant stores;
 And winters, softened by thy care,
 No more a face of horror wear.
- 5 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
 Demand successive songs of praise;
 Still be the cheerful homage paid,
 With opening light, and evening shade.

 DODDRINGE.

22.

C. M.

Reflections at the Close of the Year.

- 1 And now, my soul, another year
 Of my short life is past:
 I cannot long continue here;
 And this may be my last.
- 2 Part of my doubtful life is gone, Nor will return again; And swift my fleeting moments run,— The few which yet remain!
- 3 Awake, my soul! with utmost care Thy true condition learn;

THE SEASONS.

What are thy hopes, — how sure, how fair, And what thy great concern?

- 4 Another year, next morn begins; Set out afresh for heaven: Seek pardon for thy former sins, Through Christ, so freely given.
- 5 Devoutly yield thyself to God,
 And on his grace depend;
 With zeal pursue the heavenly road,
 Nor doubt a happy end.

 Browne.

L. M.

Praising God in the Morning.

23.

- 1 God of the morning! at thy voice The cheerful sun makes haste to rise, And like a giant doth rejoice To run his journey through the skies:—
- 2 From the fair chambers of the east
 The circuit of his race begins,
 And without weariness or rest,
 Round the whole earth he rolls and shines.
- 3 So, like the sun, may I fulfil
 The appointed duties of the day;
 With ready mind and active will,
 March on, and keep my heavenly way.
- 4 Lord! thy commands are clean and pure, Enlightening our beclouded eyes; Thy threatenings just, thy promise sure, Thy gospel makes the simple wise.
- 5 Give me thy counsel for my guide,
 And then receive me to thy bliss:
 All my desires and hopes beside
 Are faint and cold compared with this.

WATTS.

L. M.

A Morning Hymn.

- 1 In sleep's serene oblivion laid, I safely passed the silent night; Again I see the breaking shade, Again I drink the morning light.
- 2 New-born, I bless the waking hour; Once more, with awe, rejoice to be; My conscious soul resumes her power, And springs, my guardian God, to thee.
- 3 O, guide me through the various maze My doubtful feet are doomed to tread; And spread thy shield's protecting blaze, When dangers press around my head.
- 4 A deeper shade will soon impend,
 A deeper sleep my eyes oppress;
 Yet then thy strength shall still defend,
 Thy goodness still delight to bless.
- 5 That deeper shade shall fade away, That deeper sleep shall leave my eyes: Thy light shall give eternal day; Thy love, the rapture of the skies.

HAWKESWORTH.

25.

L. M.

A Morning Song.

1 Great God, to thee my morning song, With humble gratitude I raise;

- O, let thy mercy tune my tongue, And fill my heart with lively praise!
- 2 My days, unclouded as they pass, And every gently rolling hour, Are monuments of wondrous grace, And witness to thy love and power.
- 3 O, may thy power, celestial Guard, Through all this day preserve from harm! Can danger reach me while the Lord Extends his kind, protecting arm?
- 4 And when this day my duties close,
 With sleep refresh my feeble frame;
 Safe in thy care may I repose,
 And wake again to praise thy name.

STEELE.

26.

C. M.

Gratitude and Supplication.

- God of my life, my morning song
 To thee I cheerful raise:
 Thine acts of love 't is good to sing,
 And pleasant 't is to praise.
- 2 Preserved by thy almighty arm, I passed the shades of night, Serene and safe from every harm, To see the morning light.
- 3 O, let the same almighty care Through all this day attend;

From every danger, every snare, My heedless steps defend.

4 Smile on my minutes as they roll,
And guide my future days:
And let thy goodness fill my soul
With gratitude and praise.

STEELE.

27.

C. M.

Grateful Acknowledgment.

- 1 Again, from calm and sweet repose, I rise to hail the dawn; Again my waking eyes unclose, To view the smiling morn.
- 2 Great God of love, thy praise I'll sing; For thou hast safely kept My soul beneath thy guardian wing, And watched me while I slept.
- 3 Glory to thee, Eternal Lord!
 O, teach my heart to pray,
 And thy blest spirit's help afford,
 To guide me through the day.
- 4 Let every thought and word accord
 With thy most holy will;
 Each deed the precepts of thy word,
 With pious aim, fulfil.
- 5 From danger, sin, and every ill,
 My constant guardian prove;
 O, sanctify my heart, and fill
 With thoughts of holy love!

SACRED OFFERING.

28.

7 s. M.

Morning Hymn.

- 1 In the morning I will pray For God's blessing on the day; What this day shall be my lot, Light or darkness, know I not.
- 2 Should it be with clouds o'ercast, Clouds of sorrow, gathering fast, Thou, who givest light divine, Shine within me, Lord, O shine!
- 3 Show me, if I tempted be,
 How to find all strength in Thee,
 And a perfect triumph win
 Over every bosom sin.
- 4 Keep my feet from secret snares, Keep mine eyes, O God, from tears! Every step thy love attend, And my soul from death defend!

FURNESS.

29.

8 & 7 s. M.

1 Gracious God, our Heavenly Father!
Meet and bless our school, we pray;
As in humble trust we gather,
Teachers, scholars, here to-day,
Every joy and every blessing

From thy bounteous hand we own;

May thy love, our souls possessing, Draw us nearer to thy throne.

2 Weak, imperfect, tempted, erring, From thy precepts, Lord, we stray; Let thy spirit, from our wandering, Bring us back to virtue's way. Humble, penitent, confiding, May we rest our hope in thee; In thy favor, Lord, abiding, In thy peace and purity.

30.

L. M.

The New Gifts of Morning.

- 1 O, TIMELY happy, timely wise, Hearts that with rising morn arise! Eyes that the beam celestial view, Which evermore makes all things new!
- 2 New every morning is the love Our wak'ning and uprising prove; Through sleep and darkness safely brought, Restored to life, and power, and thought.
- 3 New mercies, each returning day, Hover around us while we pray; New perils past, new sins forgiven, New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.
- 4 Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be, As more of heaven in each we see; Some softening gleams of love and prayer Shall dawn on every cross and care.

5 Do thou, O Lord, in thy dear love Fit us for perfect rest above; And help us this and every day, To live more nearly as we pray.

KEBLE.

31.

L. M.

An ancient Psalm of the Morning.

- 1 O Christ! with each returning morn Thine image to our heart be borne; And may we ever clearly see Our God and Saviour, Lord, in thee!
- 2 All hallowed be our walk this day; May meekness form our early ray, And faithful love our noontide light, And hope our sunset, calm and bright.
- 3 May grace each idle thought control, And sanctify our wayward soul; May guile depart, and malice cease, And all within be joy and peace.
- 4 Our daily course, O Jesus, bless;
 Make plain the way of holiness:
 From sudden falls our feet defend,
 And cheer at last our journey's end.

32.

7 s. M.

God's Aid invoked in the Morning.

1 Now the shades of night are gone; Now the morning light is come:

Lord, may we be thine to-day; Drive the shades of sin away.

- 2 Fill our souls with heavenly light, Banish doubt, and clear our sight; In thy service, Lord, to-day, May we stand, and watch, and pray.
- 3 Keep our haughty passions bound;
 Save us from our foes around;
 Going out and coming in,
 Keep us safe from every sin.

EPIS. COLL.

33.

C. M.

A Morning Psalm.

- 1 Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear My voice ascending high;
 To thee will I direct my prayer,
 To thee lift up mine eye.
- 2 Thou art a God, before whose sight
 The wicked shall not stand:
 Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
 Nor dwell at thy right hand.
- O, may thy Spirit guide my feet
 In ways of righteousness!

 Make every path of duty straight
 And plain before my face.

4 The men who love and fear thy name Shall see their hopes fulfilled; The mighty God will compass them With favor as a shield.

WATTS.

34.

L. M.

A Morning Song.

- 1 THEE will I love, O Lord! my strength,
 My rock, my tower, my high defence;
 Thy mighty arm shall be my trust,
 For I have found salvation thence.
- 2 Tired with the burdens of the day, To thee I raised my evening cry: Thou heard'st when I began to pray, And thine Almighty help was nigh.
- 3 Supported by thy heavenly aid,
 I laid me down, and slept secure;
 Not death should make my heart afraid,
 Though I should wake and rise no more.
- 4 But God sustained me all the night:
 Salvation doth to God belong;
 He raised my head to see the light,
 And make his praise my morning song.
 WATTS.

35.

7 s. M.

Morning Hymn.

1 At the golden rise of day, Humbly, God, to thee we pray;

,

Uncreated Source of light, Guide our thoughts and words aright. Holy Father, at thy call Light upon the earth did fall; Speak the word again, and make Morning o'er our hearts to break.

- 2 Humbly though our prayer arise, Quickly let it reach the skies; Show thy reconciling face, Hear from heaven, thy dwelling-place Holy Son, whose lowly birth Re-illumined the dark earth, Let the Gentiles see thy ray, Kings, the brightness of thy day.
- 3 From the Eternal Source in heaven
 Light to us on earth be given;
 Light of grace to guard from wrath,
 Light of faith, to guide our path.
 Holy Spirit, let thy ray
 Guide our footsteps, day by day;
 While through earth's dark path we move
 To eternal day above.

L. W. BACON.

36.

C. M.

Our Safety in God.

 On thee, each morning, O my God, My waking thoughts attend;
 In thee are founded all my hopes, In thee my wishes end.

- 2 My soul, in pleasing wonder lost,
 Thy boundless love surveys;
 And, fired with grateful zeal, prepares
 A sacrifice of praise.
- 3 When evening slumbers press my eyes,
 With his protection blest,
 In peace and safety I commit
 My weary limbs to rest.
- 4 My spirit in his hand secure, Fears no approaching ill; For, whether waking or asleep, Thou, Lord, art with me still.

KIPPIS.

37.

7 s. M.

A Morning Song.

- 1 Thou that dost my life prolong, Kindly aid my morning song; Thankful from my couch I rise, To the God that rules the skies.
- 2 Thou didst hear my evening cry; Thy preserving hand was nigh; Peaceful slumbers thou hast shed, Grateful to my weary head.
- 3 Thou hast kept me through the night;
 "T was thy hand restored the light:
 Lord, thy mercies still are new,
 Plenteous as the morning dew.

- 4 Still my feet are prone to stray: O, preserve me through the day! Dangers everywhere abound; Sins and snares beset me round.
- 5 Gently, with the dawning ray,
 On my soul thy beams display:
 Sweeter than the smiling morn,
 Let thy cheering light return.

CH. PSALMODY.

38.

C. M.

God's Goodness acknowledged.

- O God, let this, my morning song,
 Like holy incense rise;
 Assist the offerings of my tongue
 To reach the lofty skies.
- 2 Amid the darkness of the night Me thou didst safely keep, Again to hail the morning light Again refreshed by sleep.
- 3 Perpetual blessings from above Encompass me around; But oh! how few returns of love Hath my Creator found!
- 4 How long have I abused thy love!
 How long indulged in sin!
 For conscience cries with faithful voice,
 How guilty I have been.
- 5 Draw me, O God, with sovereign grace, And fill me with thy love;

That I may end this mortal race To dwell with thee above.

WATTS.

39.

C. M.

A Morning Hymn.

- ONCE more the light of day I see;
 Lord, with it let me raise
 My heart and voice in song to thee,
 Of gratitude and praise.
- 2 The sky-lark from its lowly nest
 Hath soared into the sky,
 And by its joyous song expressed
 Unconscious praise on high.
- 3 My feeble voice and faltering tone No tuneful tribute bring; But thou canst in my heart make known What bird can never sing.
- 4 Instruct me, then, to lift my heart
 To thee in praise and prayer;
 And love and gratitude impart,
 For every good I share.
- 5 Thus let me, Lord, confess the debt
 I owe thee day by day;
 Nor e'er at night or morn forget
 To thee, O God! to pray.

B. BARTON.

40. C. M.

Morning Hymn.

- 1 My God, thou mak'st the sun to know His proper hour to rise, And, to give light to all below, Dost send him round the skies.
- When from the chambers of the east His morning race begins,He never tires, nor stops to rest,But round the world he shines.
- 3 So, like the sun, would I fulfil
 The business of the day;
 Begin my work betimes, and still
 March on my heavenly way.
- 4 Give me, O Lord, thine early grace,
 Nor let my soul complain,
 That the young morning of my days
 Has been consumed in vain.

WATTS.

41. L. M. 6 l.

Daily Dependence on God.

1 When, streaming from the eastern skies, The morning light salutes my eyes, O Sun of righteousness divine, On me with beams of mercy shine; O, chase the clouds of sin away, And turn my darkness into day!



- 2 When to thy throne all-glorious King,
 My morning sacrifice I bring,
 And, mourning o'er my guilt and shame,
 Ask mercy, Saviour, in thy name:
 O, deign to hear my suppliant voice,
 And bid my drooping heart rejoice!
- 3 As every day thy mercy spares
 Will bring its trials and its cares;
 O Saviour, till my life shall end,
 Be thou my Counsellor and Friend;
 Teach me thy precepts, all divine,
 And let thy will be always mine.
- 4 When each day's scenes and labors close And wearied nature seeks repose, With pardoning mercy richly blessed, Guard me, my Saviour, while I rest; And as each morning sun shall rise, O, lead me onward to the skies!
- 5 And, at my life's last setting sun,
 My conflicts o'er, my labors done,
 Jesus, thy heavenly radiance shed,
 To cheer and bless my dying bed;
 And, from the gloom my spirit raise,
 To see thy face and sing thy praise.

SIR R. GRANT.

42.

8 & 7 s. M.

A Morning Song.

1 Welcome now another morning, While we meet our God to praise,

- And, our daily work returning, First to him our voice to raise.
- 2 Let us think how time is passing— Soon the longest life departs, Nothing human is abiding, Save the love of humble hearts.
- 3 Love to God and to our neighbor Makes our purest happiness; Vain the wish, the care, the labor, Earth's poor trifles to possess.
- 4 Father, now one prayer we raise thee; Give an humble, grateful heart; Never let us cease to praise thee, Never from thy fear depart.
- 5 Then when years have gathered o'er us, And the world begins to fade, Heaven's bright realm will rise before us: There our treasure has been laid.

43. C. M.

A Morning Hymn.

- 1 ONCE more, my soul, the rising day
 Salutes thy waking eyes:
 Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
 To Him who rules the skies.
- 2 'T is He supports my mortal frame; My tongue shall speak his praise: My sins would rouse his wrath to flame, And yet his wrath delays.

- 3 How many souls from earth have fled Since the last setting sun! And yet Thou lengthenest out my thread, And yet my moments run.
- 4 Great God! let all my hours be thine,
 While I enjoy the light;
 Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
 And bring a peaceful night.
 WATTS.

44. C. M.

A Morning Hymn.

- 1 What secret hand, at morning light, Softly unseals mine eye, Draws back the curtain of the night, And opens earth and sky?
- 2 'T is thine, my God, the same that kept My resting hours from harm; No ill came nigh me, for I slept Beneath the Almighty's arm.
- 3 'T is thine my daily bread that brings, Like manna scattered round, And clothes me as the lily springs In beauty from the ground.
- 4 In death's dark valley though I stray,
 'T would there my steps attend,
 Guide with the staff my lonely way,
 And with the rod defend.

4

5 May that sure hand uphold me still
Through life's uncertain race,
To bring me to thine holy hill,
And to thy dwelling-place!

MONTGOMERY.

45.

C. M.

Evening Worship.

- 1 O Lord, another day has flown, And we, a youthful band, Are met once more before thy throne, To bless thy fostering hand.
- 2 And wilt thou lend a listening ear To praises low as ours? Thou wilt! for thou dost love to hear The song which meekness pours.
- 3 And, Jesus, thou thy smiles wilt deign, As in thy name we pray; For thou didst bless the infant train, And we are weak as they.
- 4 Thy heavenly grace to each impart, Our faith and love increase; And shed abroad in every heart Thine everlasting peace.
- 5 Thus chastened, cleansed, entirely thine,
 A flock by Jesus led;
 The Sun of Righteousness shall shine
 In glory on our head.
 H. K. White.

46.

C. M.

Self-Examination at Evening.

- 1 Another day of life is gone;
 A doubtful few remain;
 Review, my soul, what thou hast done
 Eternal life to gain.
- 2 Dost thou get forward in thy race, As time still posts away? And die to sin, and grow in grace, With every passing day?
- 3 This day what conquests hast thou gained?
 What sin is overcome?
 What fresh degree of grace obtained,
 To bring thee nearer home?
- 4 Thus every day thy course review,
 Thy real state to learn;
 And with renewed zeal pursue
 Thy great, thy chief concern.

47.

L. M.

An Evening Hymn.

- 1 GLORY to thee, my God! this night, For all the blessings of the light; Keep me, O keep me, King of kings! Beneath the shadow of thy wings.
- 2 Forgive me, Lord! through thy dear Son, The ill that I this day have done;

That with the world, myself, and thee, My soul, this night, at peace may be.

- 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread The grave as little as my bed; Teach me to die, that so I may With joy behold the judgment-day.
- 4 Lord! let my soul forever share
 The bliss of thy paternal care;
 'T is heaven on earth, 't is heaven above,
 To see thy face, and sing thy love.

 Kenn.

48.

7 s. M.

Evening Hymn.

- 1 HEAVENLY Father! gracious name! Night and day thy love the same! Far be each suspicious thought, Every anxious care forgot!
- 2 Thou, my ever bounteous God! Crown'st my days with various good. Thy kind eye, which cannot sleep, My defenceless hours shall keep.
- 3 What if death my sleep invade? Should I be of death afraid? While encircled by thine arm, Death may strike, but cannot harm.
- 4 With thy heavenly presence blest, Death is life, and labor rest;

Welcome sleep or death to me, Still secure, for still with thee! Doddridge (varied).

49.

C. M.

A Child's Evening Hymn.

- 1 How beautiful the setting sun!
 The clouds how bright and gay!
 The stars appearing one by one,
 How beautiful are they!
- 2 And when the moon climbs up the sky, And sheds her gentle light, And hangs her crystal lamp on high, How beautiful is night!
- 3 And can it be I am possessed
 Of something brighter far?
 Glows there a light within this breast,
 Outshining every star?
- 4 Yes, should the sun and stars turn pale,
 The mountains melt away,
 This flame within shall never fail,
 But live in endless day.
- 5 This is the soul that God has given;
 Sin may its lustre dim,
 While goodness bears it up to heaven,
 And leads it back to him.

 Mrs. Foller.

4 *

50.

7 s. M.

Prayer for a Blessing.

- 1 Suppliant, lo! thy children bend, Father, for thy blessing now; Thou canst teach us, guide, defend; We are weak, almighty thou.
- 2 With the peace thy word imparts Be the taught and teachers blest; In our lives, and in our hearts, Father, be thy laws impressed.
- 3 Shed abroad in every mind
 Light and pardon from above,
 Charity for all our kind,
 Trusting faith, and holy love.

S. GRAY, JR.

51.

L. M.

God ever to be praised.

- How shall we praise thee, Lord of light!
 How shall we all thy love declare!
 Once more we've guarded been by night,
 Once more we raise our morning prayer.
- 2 We would adore thee, God sublime, Whose power and wisdom, love and grace, Are greater than the round of time, And wider than the bounds of space.

- 3 O, how shall thought expression find, All lost in thine immensity! How shall we seek thee, glorious Mind, Amid thy dread infinity!
- 4 But thou art present with us here, As in thy glittering, high domain; And grateful hearts and humble fear Can never seek thy face in vain.
- 5 Help us to praise thee, Lord of light;
 Help us thy boundless love declare;
 And, while we 've guarded been by night,
 Once more hear thou our morning prayer.

 BOWRING.

52.

L. M.

A Morning Song.

- 1 Arise, my soul, with rapture rise,
 And, filled with holy love, adore
 The almighty Sovereign of the skies,
 Whose mercy lends me one day more.
- 2 And may this day, indulgent Power, Not idly pass, nor fruitless be; But may each swiftly flying hour Still nearer bring my soul to thee.
- 3 And wilt thou deign to lend an ear,
 When I, a sinful mortal, pray?
 Yes, boundless Goodness, thou wilt hear,
 Nor cast the meanest wretch away.

4 Then let me serve thee all my days,
And may my zeal with years increase:
For pleasant, Lord, are all thy ways,
And all thy paths are paths of peace.

EPIS. COLL.

53.

S. M.

- SEE how the rising sun
 Pursues his shining way;
 And wide proclaims his Maker's praise,
 With every brightening ray.
- 2 Thus would my rising soul Its heavenly Parent sing; And to its great Original The humble tribute bring.
- 3 Serene, I laid me down Beneath His guardian care; I slept, and I awoke, and found My kind Preserver near!
- 4 Dear Saviour, to thy cross
 I bring my sacrifice;
 Cleansed by thy blood it shall ascend
 With fragrance to the skies.

E. Scott.

54.

C. M.

A Morning Song.

1 LORD of my life! O, may thy praise Employ my noblest powers,

- Whose goodness lengthens out my days, And fills the circling hours.
- Soon as the morning rays appear,
 I'll lift mine eyes above;
 My voice shall reach thy listening ear,
 And supplicate thy love.
- 3 With grateful thanks my song shall rise Before thy mercy-seat; On thee I'll fix my steadfast eyes, And worship at thy feet.
- 4 Thy righteousness, thy strength display, And my protection be; Teach me to know that only way Which leads to heaven and thee.

STEELE.

55.

C. M.

God's Aid implored. .

- 1 Perpetual Source of light and grace, We hail thy sacred name; Through every year's revolving round Thy goodness is the same.
- 2 Yet, O what poor returns we pay! Our vows how oft renew! Those vows as false as morning's cloud, And transient as the dew.
- 3 As by thy power the morning sun Pursues his radiant way,

Brightens, each moment, in his course, And shines to perfect day;

4 So thou, O God, on this new morn
Bestow on us thy grace,
To bear our feeble footsteps on
In all thy righteous ways.
Doddridge.

56. 8 & 7 s. M.

Morning Hymn.

- 1 When the joyous day is dawning, And the happy light we see, We who live in life's pure morning, Father, would remember thee.
- 2 While in quiet we were sleeping, Kindly, though we knew it not, Thou a guardian watch wert keeping; Never is thy child forgot.
- 3 Now another day is given, With thy love, may it be blest; May we think of thee and heaven, Of that purer, better rest.

57. L. M.

God's Care acknowledged.

1 Give thanks to God—he reigns above; Kind are his thoughts, his name is love;

His mercy ages past have known, And ages long to come shall own.

- 2 His smile illumes the morning ray, His arm protects us through the day; His ever-watchful eye will keep And guard us safely while we sleep.
- 3 He feeds and clothes us all the way, He guides our footsteps lest we stray, He leads us with a father's hand, And brings us to the heavenly land.
- 4 O, let us, then, with joy record
 The truth and goodness of the Lord:
 How great his works,—how kind his ways!
 Let every tongue pronounce his praise.

WATTS.

58.

C. M.

Morning Hymn.

- Now that the sun is beaming bright, Implore we, bending low,
 That He, the uncreated Light,
 May guide us as we go.
- 2 No sinful word, nor deed of wrong, Nor thoughts that idly rove, But simple truth be on our tongue, And in our hearts be love.
- 3 And grant that to thine honor, Lord, Our daily toil may tend; That we begin it at thy word, And in thy favor end.

59.

C. M.

God the Preserver of Men.

- 1 Through all the dangers of the night, Preserved, O Lord, by thee, Again we hail the cheerful light, Again we bow the knee.
- 2 O, may the beams of truth divine, With clear convincing light, In all our understandings shine, And chase our mental night!
- 3 Let all our words and all our ways
 Declare that we are thine;
 That thus along our path the rays
 Of heavenly truth may shine.
- 4 Preserve us, Lord, throughout the day, And guide us by thine arm! For they are safe, and only they, Whom thou dost save from harm.

KELLY.

60.

C. M.

Morning Prayer.

1 O MAY I love at early day
To rise, when all is still,
And hear my Saviour kindly say,
"Come, ask me what ye will!"

- 2 O may I love to search his law, To hear his words of love, And feel his Spirit sweetly draw My soul to "things above."
- 3 O may I love to ask, in prayer,
 His Spirit's guiding ray,
 Through every scene of anxious care,
 Through life's bewildered way.
- 4 Thus let me spend each rising hour,
 Thus close my latest days,
 Till I shall wake, to sleep no more,
 Where prayer is changed to praise.

61.

S. M.

On Going to Rest.

- The day is past and gone,
 The evening shades appear;
 O may we all remember well,
 The night of death draws near.
- We lay our garments by, Upon our beds to rest; So death will soon disrobe us all Of what is here possessed.
- 3 Lord, keep us safe this night, Secure from all our fears;
 May angels guard us, while we sleep, Till morning light appears.

5

- 4 And when we early rise,
 And view the unwearied sun,
 May we set out to win the prize,
 And after glory run.
- 5 And when our days are past,
 And we from time remove,
 O may we in thy bosom rest,
 The bosom of thy love.

HARTFORD SELECTION.

62. 8 & 7 s. M.

- 1 Saviour! breathe an evening blessing, Ere repose our eyelids seal; Sin and want we come confessing; Thou canst save, and thou canst heal.
- 2 Though destruction walk around us,
 Though the arrows past us fly,
 Angel-guards from thee surround us,
 We are safe, if thou art nigh.
- 3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
 Darkness cannot hide from thee:
 Thou art He who, never weary,
 Watcheth where thy people be.
- 4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
 And our couch become our tomb,
 May the morn in heaven awake us,
 Clad in bright and deathless bloom.

EDMESTON.

63.

7 s. M.

Evening Hymn.

- 1 Source of light and life divine!
 Thou didst cause the light to shine;
 Thou didst bring thy sunbeams forth
 O'er thy new-created earth.
- 2 Shade of night and morning ray Took from thee the name of day: Now again the shades are nigh, Listen to thy children's cry!
- 3 May we ne'er, by guilt depressed, Lose the way to endless rest; May no thoughts corrupt and vain Draw our souls to earth again.
- 4 Rather help them still to rise
 Where our dearest treasure lies;
 Help us in our daily strife,
 Make us struggle into life!

ST. GREGORY.

64.

7 s. M.

- 1 SOFTLY, now, the light of day
 Fades upon my sight away;
 Free from care, from labor free,
 Lord! I would commune with thee.
- 2 Soon, for me, the light of day Shall forever pass away;

Then, from sin and sorrow free, Take me, Lord! to dwell with thee.

DOANE.

65.

L. M.

Evening Hymn.

- 1 ANOTHER fleeting day is gone:
 Slow o'er the west the shadows rise;
 Swift the soft-stealing hours have flown,
 And night's dark mantle veils the skies.
- 2 Another fleeting day is gone, Swept from the records of the year; And still, with each successive sun, Life's fading visions disappear.
- 3 Another fleeting day is gone
 To join the fugitives before;
 And I, when life's employ is done,
 Shall sleep, to wake in time no more.
- 4 Another fleeting day is gone;
 But soon a fairer day shall rise,
 A day whose never-setting sun
 Shall pour its light o'er cloudless skies.
- 5 Another fleeting day is gone;
 In solemn silence rest, my soul!
 Bow down before His awful throne,
 Who bids the morn and evening roll.

66. L. M.

Self-Examination anticipated as a Guide to Duty.

- 1 Before we close our eyes each night, Let each, with care, these questions ask; Have I endeavored to do right, Nor thought my duty but a task?
- 2 Have I been gentle, lowly, meek, And the small voice of conscience heard? When passion tempted me to speak, Have I repressed the angry word?
- 3 Have I with cheerful zeal obeyed What my kind parents bade me do? Have I by word or action said The thing that was not strictly true?
- 4 In hard temptation's troubled hour, Then have I stopped to think and pray, That God would give my soul the power To chase the sinful thought away?
- 5 O Thou! who seest all my heart, Do thou forgive and love me still; Do thou each day new strength impart, And make me love and do thy will. FOLLEN.

67. 8 & 7 s. M.

1 HEAVENLY Father! grant thy blessing On the teaching of this day; 5 *

That our hearts, thy fear possessing, May from sin be turned away.

2 Have we wandered? O, forgive us!

Have we wished from truth to rove?

Turn, O, turn us, and receive us,

And incline us truth to love!

68.

C. M.

Evening Hymn.

- 1 INDULGENT God, whose bounteous care
 O'er all thy works is shown,
 0, let my grateful praise and prayer
 Ascend before thy throne!
- 2 What mercies has this day bestowed! How largely hast thou blest! My cup with plenty overflowed, With cheerfulness my breast.
- 3 So bless each future day and night, Till life's fond scene is o'er; At length, to realms of endless light Enraptured let me soar.

Anon.

69.

L. M.

The Setting Sun.

1 That setting sun! that setting sun!
What scenes, since first its race begun,
Of varied hue, its eye hath seen,
Which are as they had never been.

MORNING AND EVENING.

- 2 That setting sun! full many a gaze
 Hath dwelt upon its fading rays,
 With sweet, according thought sublime,
 In every age, and every clime!
- 3 'T is sweet to mark thee, sinking slow The ocean's fabled caves below, And when the obscuring night is done, To see thee rise, sweet setting sun.

70.

C. M.

- 1 Soon will our fleeting hours be past;
 And, as the setting sun
 Sinks downward in the radiant west,
 Our parting beams be gone.
- 2 May He from whom all blessings flow Our sacred rites attend, Uniting all in wisdom's ways, Till life's short journey end;
- 3 And as the rapid sands run down, Our virtue still improve, Till each receive the glorious crown Of never-fading love.

A. M.

71.

L. M.

- 1 Thou great Instructor, lest I stray, O teach my erring feet thy way! Thy truth, with ever fresh delight, Shall guide my doubtful steps aright.
- 2 How oft my heart's affections yield, And wander o'er the world's wide field! My roving passions, Lord, reclaim; Unite them all to fear thy name.
- 3 Then, to my God, my heart and tongue, With all their powers, shall raise the song: On earth thy glories I'll declare, Till heaven th' immortal notes shall hear.

72.

C. M.

Prayer and Praise.

1 Lord, when we bend before thy throne, And our confessions pour, Teach us to feel the sins we own, And shun what we deplore.

- 2 Our contrite spirits pitying see, And penitence impart; And let a healing ray from thee Beam hope upon the heart.
- 3 When our responsive tongues essay
 Their grateful songs to raise,
 Grant that our souls may join the lay,
 And rise to thee in praise.
- 4 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
 May we our wills resign,
 And not a thought our bosom share,
 Which is not wholly thine.
- 5 Let faith each meek petition fill,
 And waft it to the skies,
 And teach our hearts 't is goodness still
 That grants it or denies.

 MORE'S DEVOTIONS.

73. C. M.

- 1 How are thy servants blest! O Lord,
 How sure is their defence!
 Eternal wisdom is their guide,
 Their help, omnipotence.
- 2 In foreign realms, and lands remote, Supported by thy care, Through burning climes they pass unhurt, And breathe in tainted air.

- 3 When, by the dreadful tempest, borne High on the broken wave,
 They know thou art not slow to hear,
 Nor impotent to save.
- 4 The storm is laid,—the winds retire,
 Obedient to thy will;
 The sea, that roars at thy command,
 At thy command is still.
- 5 In midst of danger, fear, and death,
 Thy goodness we'll adore;
 We'll praise thee for thy mercies past,
 And humbly hope for more.
 Approx.

74. L. M.

The Father of our Spirits.

- 1 ETERNAL Source of life and thought, Be all beneath thyself forgot; Whilst thee, great Parent-mind, we own, In prostrate homage round thy throne.
- 2 Whilst in themselves our souls survey Of thee some faint reflected ray, They, wondering, to their Father rise; His power how vast! his thoughts how wise!
- 3 O, may we live before thy face,
 The willing subjects of thy grace,
 And through each path of duty move
 With filial awe and filial love.

DODDRIDGE.

H. M.

Pleading the Promise of the Spirit.

- 1 O Thou that hearest prayer,
 Attend our humble cry;
 And let thy servants share
 Thy blessing from on high:
 We plead the promise of thy word;
 Grant us thy Holy Spirit, Lord.
- 2 If earthly parents hear
 Their children when they cry;
 If they, with love sincere,
 Their varied wants supply;
 Much more wilt thou thy love display,
 And answer when thy children pray.
- We, children of thy grace:
 O let thy Spirit now
 Descend and fill the place;
 So shall we feel the heavenly flame,
 And all unite to praise thy name.
- 4 O may that Sacred Fire,
 Descending from above,
 Our languid hearts inspire
 With fervent zeal and love;
 Enlighten our beclouded eyes,
 And teach our grovelling souls to rise.
 PRATT'S COLL.

L. M.

God everywhere to be worshipped.

- 1 O Thou, to whom, in ancient time, The lyre of Hebrew bards was strung; Whom kings adored in songs sublime, And prophets praised with glowing tongue!
- 2 Not now on Zion's height alone Thy favored worshippers may dwell; Nor where, at sultry noon, thy Son Sat weary, by the patriarch's well.
- 3 From every place below the skies,
 The grateful song, the fervent prayer,—
 The incense of the heart,—may rise
 To heaven, and find acceptance there.
- 4 To thee shall age, with snowy hair,
 And strength, and beauty, bend the knee;
 And childhood lisp, with reverent air,
 Its praises and its prayers to thee!
 PIERFONT.

77.

C. M.

God the Giver of every Good Gift.

1 Father, to thee my soul I lift, On thee my hope depends, Convinced that every perfect gift From thee alone descends.

- 2 Mercy and grace are thine alone, And power and wisdom too; Without the Spirit of thy Son We nothing good can do.
- 3 Thou all our works in us hast wrought, Our good is all divine; The praise of every holy thought And righteous word is thine.
- 4 From thee, through Jesus, we receive
 The power on thee to call,
 In whom we are, and move, and live:
 Our God is all in all.

 Epis, Colla

78. 7 s. M.

The Accepted Offering.

- 1 Father of our feeble race,
 Wise, beneficent, and kind,
 Spread o'er nature's ample face,
 Flows thy goodness unconfined:
 Musing in the silent grove,
 Or the busy walks of men,
 Still we trace thy wondrous love,
 Claiming large returns again.
- 2 Lord, what offering shall we bring
 At thine altars when we bow?
 Hearts, the pure unsullied spring
 Whence the kind affections flow;

Soft compassion's feeling soul, By the melting eye expressed; Sympathy, at whose centrol Sorrow leaves the wounded breast:

3 Willing hands to lead the blind, Bind the wounded, feed the poor; Love, embracing all our kind, Charity, with liberal store: Teach us, O thou Heavenly King, Thus to show our grateful mind, Thus the accepted offering bring, Love to thee and all mankind.

J. TAYLOR.

79.

L. M. Subjection to the Divine Will.

- 1 O THOU, who hast at thy command The hearts of all men in thy hand! Our wayward, erring hearts incline To have no other will but thine.
- 2 Our wishes, our desires, control; Mould every purpose of the soul; O'er all may we victorious be That stands between ourselves and thee.
- 3 Thrice blest will all our blessings be, When we can look through them to thee; When each glad heart its tribute pays Of love, and gratitude, and praise.

MRS. COTTERILL.

80.

C. M.

Invoking God's Aid.

- 1 Father in heaven, to thee my heart
 Would lift itself in prayer;
 Drive from my soul each earthly thought,
 And show thy presence there.
- 2 Each moment of my life renews The mercies of my Lord, Each moment is itself a gift, To bear me on to God.
- 3 O, help me break the galling chains This world has round me thrown; Each passion of my heart subdue, Each darling sin disown.
- 4 O Father, kindle in my breast
 A never-dying flame
 Of holy love, of grateful trust
 In thine almighty name.

H. WARE, JR.

81.

L. M.

- 1 Father of lights! we sing thy name,
 Who kindlest up the lamp of day;
 Wide as he spreads his golden flame,
 His beams thy power and love display.
- 2 Fountain of good! from thee proceed The copious drops of genial rain,

Which o'er the hill, and through the mead, Revive the grass, and swell the grain.

- 3 O, let not our forgetful hearts
 O'erlook the tokens of thy care;
 But what thy liberal hand imparts,
 Still own in praise, still ask in prayer.
- 4 So shall our suns more grateful shine, And showers in sweeter drops shall fall, When all our hearts and lives are thine, And thou, O God! enjoyed in all.

DODDRIDGE.

82.

7 s. M.

Adoration.

- 1 Holy, holy, holy Lord, Be thy glorious name adored! Lord, thy mercies never fail; Hail, celestial goodness, hail!
- 2 Though not worthy of thine ear, Deign our humble songs to hear; Purer praise we hope to bring, When around thy throne we sing.
- 3 There no tongue shall silent be; All shall join in harmony; That, through heaven's capacious round, Praise to thee may ever sound.
- 4 Lord, thy mercies never fail; Hail, celestial goodness, hail!

Holy, holy, holy Lord, Be thy glorious name adored! Salisbury Coll.

L. M.

83.

1 FATHER of all! in every age,
In every clime, adored,
By saint, by savage, or by sage,
The universal Lord!

- 2 Thou great First Cause! least understood, Who all my sense confined To know but this, — that thou art good, And that myself am blind; —
- 3 What conscience dictates to be done, Or warns me not to do, This teach me more than hell to shun, That more than heaven pursue.
- 4 If I am right, thy grace impart
 Still in the right to stay;
 If I am wrong, O, teach my heart
 To find that better way.
- 5 To thee, whose temple is all space, Whose altar earth, sea, skies, One chorus let all being raise, All nature's incense rise.

POPE.

6 * 0

L. M.

The Providence and Grace of God.

- 1 High in the heavens, eternal God! Thy goodness in full glory shines; Thy truth shall break through every cloud That veils or darkens thy designs.
- 2 Forever firm thy justice stands, As mountains their foundations keep: Wise are the wonders of thy hands, Thy judgments are a mighty deep.
- 3 How free the riches of thy grace, Whence all our hopes and comforts spring! And how, in dangers and distress, We fly to thy protecting wing.
- 4 From the provisions of thy house,
 We shall be fed with sweet repast:
 There mercy like a river flows,
 And brings salvation to our taste.
- 5 Life, like a fountain, rich and free, Springs from the presence of my Lord; And, in thy light, our souls shall see The glories promised in thy word.

WATTS.

L. M.

Praise for Loving-kindness.

- 1 Awake, my soul, in joyful lays, And sing thy great Redeemer's praise; He justly claims a song from thee; His loving kindness, O how free!
- 2 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud, Has gathered thick and thundered loud, He near my soul has always stood, His loving-kindness, O how good!
- 3 Often I feel my sinful heart Prone from my Jesus to depart; But though I have him oft forgot, His loving-kindness changes not.
- 4 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale, Soon all my mortal powers must fail; O may my last expiring breath His loving-kindness sing in death!
- 5 Then let me mount and soar away
 To the bright world of endless day;
 And sing, with rapture and surprise,
 His loving-kindness in the skies.

MEDLEY.

L. M.

Communion with God the Highest Joy.

- 1 Thou only Sovereign of my heart, My Refuge, my almighty Friend! And can my soul from thee depart, On whom alone my hopes depend?
- 2 Whither ah! whither shall I go, A wretched wanderer from my Lord? Can this dark world of sin and woe One glimpse of happiness afford?
- 3 Eternal life thy words impart;
 On these my fainting spirit lives:
 Here, sweeter comforts cheer my heart
 Than all the round of nature gives.
- 4 Let earth's alluring joys combine, While thou art near, in vain they call: One smile — one blissful smile of thine, My dearest Lord! outweighs them all.
- 5 Low at thy feet my soul would lie; Here safety dwells — and peace divine: Still let me live beneath thine eye, For life — eternal life — is thine.

STEELE.

87.

S. M.

The Praise of God Sweet.

- 1 Sweet is the work, O Lord!
 Thy glorious name to sing,
 To praise and pray, to hear thy word,
 And grateful offerings bring.
- Sweet, at the dawning light,
 Thy boundless love to tell;
 And, when approach the shades of night,
 Still on the theme to dwell.
- Sweet, on thy day of rest,
 To join, in heart and voice,
 With those who love and serve thee best,
 And in thy name rejoice.
- 4 To songs of praise and joy
 May here our time be given,
 That such may be our blest employ
 Eternally in heaven.

88.

L. M.

1 God of my life, to thee belong
The grateful heart, the joyful song;
Touched by thy love, each tuneful chord
Resounds the goodness of the Lord.

- 2 Yet why, dear Lord, this tender care? Why does thy hand so kindly rear A useless cumberer of the ground, On which so little fruit is found?
- 3 Still let the barren fig-tree stand, Upheld and fostered by thy hand; And let its fruit and verdure be A grateful tribute, Lord, to thee.

89. 7 s. M.

- 1 LORD, what offering shall we bring,
 At thine altars when we bow?
 Hearts, the pure unsullied spring,
 Whence the kind affections flow;
 Soft compassion's feeling soul,
 By the melting eye expressed;
 Sympathy, at whose control
 Sorrow leaves the wounded breast;
- Willing hands to lead the blind, Bind the wounded, feed the poor; Love, embracing all our kind; Charity, with liberal store: — Teach us, O thou Heavenly King, Thus to show our grateful mind, Thus the accepted offering bring, Love to thee and all mankind.

7 s. M.

Worship.

- 1 Lord of Hosts, what heavenly bliss, E'en on earth, thy worship is! Here may we, thy children, see Much of heaven and much of thee.
- 2 From thy gracious presence flows Bliss that softens all our woes, While thy Spirit's holy fire Warms our hearts with pure desire.
- 3 Here we supplicate thy throne,—
 Here make thou thy glories known,—
 Here we learn thy righteous ways,
 Taste thy love, and sing thy praise.
- 4 Thus with festive songs of joy
 We our happy lives employ;
 Love, and long to love thee more,
 Till from earth to heaven we soar.

91.

7 s. M.

God the "Giver of every Good Gift."

1 Father, thy paternal care
Has my guardian been, my guide;
Every hallowed wish and prayer
Has thy hand of love supplied;

Thine is every thought of bliss

Left by hours and days gone by;

Every hope thy offspring is,

Beaming from futurity.

- Every sun of splendid ray; Every moon that shines serene; Every morn that welcomes day; Every evening's twilight scene; Every hour which wisdom brings; Every incense at thy shrine; These — and all life's holiest things, And its fairest — all are thine.
- 3 And for all, my hymns shall rise
 Daily to thy gracious throne;
 Thither let my asking eyes
 Turn unwearied, righteous One!
 Through life's strange vicissitude,
 There reposing all my care,
 Trusting still, through ill and good,
 Fixed, and cheered, and counselled there.

 BOWRING.

92. C. M.

God's Presence is Light in Darkness.

1 My God! the spring of all my joys, The life of my delights, The glory of my brightest days, And comfort of my nights,—

- In darkest shades, if thou appear,
 My dawning is begun;
 Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
 And thou my rising sun.
- 3 The opening heavens around me shine
 With beams of sacred bliss,
 While Jesus shows his mercy mine,
 And whispers, I am his!
- 4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
 At that transporting word,
 And run with joy the shining way
 To meet my gracious Lord.

WATTS.

93. C. M.

- 1 THERE is a book, who runs may read,
 Which heavenly truth imparts;
 And all the lore its scholars need,
 Pure eyes and Christian hearts.
- 2 The works of God, above, below, Within us and around, Are pages in that book, to show How God himself is found.
- 3 The glorious sky, embracing all,
 Is like the Father's love;
 Wherewith encompassed, great and small
 In peace and order move.

73

- 4 Two worlds are ours: 't is only sin Forbids us to descry The mystic heaven and earth within, Plain as the earth and sky.'
- 5 Thou who hast given me eyes to see
 And love this sight so fair,
 Give me a heart to find out thee,
 And read thee everywhere.

94.

C. M.

The one Petition.

- 1 Father! whate'er of earthly bliss
 Thy sovereign will denies,
 Accepted at thy throne of grace,
 Let this petition rise.
- 2 "Give me a calm, a thankful heart, From every murmur free!The blessings of thy grace impart, And make me live to thee.
- 3 "Let the sweet hope that thou art mine My life and death attend; Thy presence through my journey shine, And crown my journey's end."

MRS. STEELE.

C. M.

Pure Worship.

- 1 The offerings to thy throne which rise, Of mingled praise and prayer, Are but a worthless sacrifice Unless the heart is there.
- 2 Upon thine all-discerning ear Let no vain words intrude; No tribute but the vow sincere,— The tribute of the good.
- 3 Our offerings will indeed be blest, If sanctified by thee,— If thy pure spirit touch the breast With its own purity.
- 4 O, may that spirit warm each heart
 To piety and love,
 And to life's lowly vale impart
 Some rays from heaven above!

BOWRING.

96.

L. M.

The Lord's Prayer.

1 FATHER! adored in worlds above,
Thy glorious name be hallowed still;
Thy kingdom come, in truth and love;
And earth, like heaven, obey thy will.

- Lord, make our daily wants thy care,
 Forgive the sins that we forsake;
 In thy compassion let us share,
 As fellow-men of ours partake.
- 3 Evils beset us every hour; —
 Thy kind protection we implore:
 Thine is the kingdom, thine the power, —
 Be thine the glory evermore.

BIRMINGHAM COLL.

97.

C. M.

Thy Kingdom come.

- 1 FATHER of me and all mankind,
 And all the hosts above,
 Let every understanding mind
 Unite to praise thy love.
- 2 Thy kingdom come, with power and grace, To every heart of man; Thy peace, and joy, and righteousness, In all our bosoms reign;—
- 3 The righteousness that never ends,
 But makes an end of sin;
 The joy that human thought transcends,
 And calms the soul within;
- 4 The kingdom of established peace, Which can no more remove; The perfect power of godliness, The omnipotence of love.

WESLEY'S COLL.

98. S. M.

"Do all to the Glory of God."

- 1 TEACH me, my God and King, In all things thee to see; And what I do in anything, To do it as for thee;—
- 2 To scorn the senses' sway, While still to thee I tend; In all I do, be thou the way,— In all, be thou the end.
- 3 All may of thee partake;
 Nothing so small can be,
 But draws, when acted for thy sake,
 Greatness and worth from thee.
- 4 If done beneath thy laws,
 E'en servile labors shine;
 Hallowed is toil, if this the cause,—
 The meanest work divine.

HERBERT.

99. 6 & 4 s. M.

1 Praise ye Jehovah's name;
Praise through his courts proclaim
Rise and adore;
High o'er the heavens above,
Sound his great acts of love,
While his rich acts we prove,
Vast as his power.

- 2 Now let the trumpet raise
 Triumphant sounds of praise,
 Wide as his fame;
 There let the harp be found;
 Organs, with solemn sound,
 Roll your deep notes around,
 Filled with his name.
- 3 While his high praise ye sing, Shake every sounding string; Sweet the accord! He vital breath bestows; Let every breath that flows, His noblest fame disclose; Praise ye the Lord.

W. GOODE.

100.

C. M.

Acceptable Worship.

- 1 WHEREWITH shall we approach the Lord,
 And bow before his throne?
 O, how procure his kind regard,
 And for our guilt atone?
- 2 Shall altars flame, and victims bleed, And spicy fumes ascend?
 Will these our earnest wish succeed?
 Will these make God our friend?
- 3 O, no, 't were vain and fruitless all, Such offerings to give: No presents from the field or stall His favor can receive.
- 4 To men their rights we must allow, And proofs of kindness give; To God with humble reverence bow, And to his glory live.
- 5 Hands that are clean, and hearts sincere,
 He never will despise;
 And cheerful duty he'll prefer
 To costly sacrifice.

BROWNE.

C. M.

- 1 How dread are thine eternal years, O everlasting Lord! By prostrate spirits day and night Incessantly adored!
- 2 Yet I may love thee too, O Lord! Almighty as thou art, For thou hast stooped to ask of me The love of my poor heart.
- 3 No earthly father loves like thee, No mother half so mild Bears and forbears, as thou hast done With me, thy sinful child.
- 4 Only to sit and think of God O what a joy it is! To think the thought, to breathe the name, Earth has no higher bliss!
- 5 Father of Jesus! love's reward!
 What rapture will it be,
 Prostrate before thy throne to lie,
 And gaze and gaze on thee!

LYRA CATH.

102.

S. M.

1 Sure there's a dreadful God, Though men renounce his fear;

His justice, hid behind the cloud, Shall one great day appear.

- 2 His truth transcends the sky, In heaven his mercies dwell; Deep as the sea his judgments lie, His anger burns to hell.
- 3 How excellent his love, Whence all our safety springs! O never let my soul remove From underneath his wings.

103.

L. M.

God seen in all Things.

- 1 There is a God,—all nature speaks,
 Through earth, and air, and sea, and skies;
 See, from the clouds his glory breaks,
 When earliest beams of morning rise.
- 2 The rising sun, serenely bright, Throughout the world's extended frame, Inscribes, in characters of light, His mighty maker's glorious name.
- 3 Ye curious minds, who roam abroad,
 And trace creation's wonders o'er,
 Confess the footsteps of your God,
 Bow down before him, and adore.

STEELE.

104, L. M.

- LORD, thou hast searched and seen me through;
 Thine eye commands, with piercing view,
 My rising and my resting hours,
 My heart and flesh, with all their powers.
- 2 My thoughts, before they are my own, Are to my God distinctly known; He knows the words I mean to speak Ere from my opening lips they break.
- 3 Within thy circling power I stand; On every side I find thy hand; Awake, asleep, at home, abroad, I am surrounded still with God.
- 4 Amazing knowledge, vast and great!
 What large extent! what lofty height!
 My soul, with all the powers I boast,
 Is in the boundless prospect lost.
- 5 O, may these thoughts possess my breast, Where'er I rove, where'er I rest, Nor let my weaker passions dare Consent to sin, for God is there.

WATTS.

105. L. M.

God's Sustaining Presence.

1 Father and Friend, thy light, thy love, Beaming through all thy works, we see;

Thy glory gilds the heavens above, And all the earth is full of thee.

- 2 Thy voice we hear, thy presence feel, Whilst thou, too pure for mortal sight, Involved in clouds, invisible, Reignest the Lord of life and light.
- 3 We know not in what hallowed part
 Of the wide heavens thy throne may be,
 But this we know,—that where thou art,
 Strength, wisdom, goodness, dwell with thee.
- 4 And through the various maze of time, And through the infinity of space, We follow thy career sublime, And all thy wondrous footsteps trace.
- 5 Thy children shall not faint nor fear, Sustained by this delightful thought,— Since thou, their God, art everywhere, They cannot be where thou art not.

BOWRING.

106.

C. M.

God Everywhere.

1 In all my vast concerns with thee, In vain my soul would try To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee The notice of thine eye.

- 2 Thine all-surrounding sight surveys My rising and my rest; My public walks, my private ways, And secrets of my breast.
- 3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord, Before they're formed within; And ere my lips pronounce the word, He knows the sense I mean.
- 4 O, wondrous knowledge, deep and high!
 Where can a creature hide?
 Within thy circling arms I lie,
 Beset on every side.
- 5 So let thy grace surround me still,
 And like a bulwark prove,
 To guard my soul from every ill,
 Secured by sovereign love.

WATTS.

107.

L. M. 6 1.

God the Life and Light of the World.

- 1 Thou art, O God, the life and light
 Of all this wondrous world we see;
 Its glow by day, its smile by night,
 Are but reflections caught from thee.
 Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
 And all things fair and bright are thine.
- 2 When day, with farewell beam, delays Among the opening clouds of even,

And we can almost think we gaze,
Through golden vistas, into heaven,
Those hues that make the sun's decline
So soft, so radiant, Lord, are thine.

- 3 When night, with wings of starry gloom,
 O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
 Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume
 Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes,
 That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
 So grand, so countless, Lord, are thine.
- 4 When youthful spring around us breathes,
 Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
 And every flower the summer wreathes
 Is born beneath thy kindling eye:
 Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
 And all things fair and bright are thine.

S. MOORE.

108. L. M.

- 1 Infinite leagues beyond the sky
 The great Eternal reigns alone,
 Where neither wings nor souls can fly,
 Nor angels climb the topless throne.
- 2 The Lord of glory builds his seat Of gems insufferably bright, And lays beneath his sacred feet Substantial beams of gloomy night.

3 Yet, glorious Lord, thy gracious eyes Look through and cheer us from above; Beyond our praise thy grandeur flies; Yet we adore, and yet we love.

WATTS.

109.

C. P. M.

Acknowledgment of God's constant Goodness.

- 1 Great Source of unexhausted good! Who giv'st us help, and friends, and food, And peace, and calm content; Like fragrant incense to the skies, Let songs of grateful praises rise, For all thy blessings lent.
- 2 Through all the dangers of the day, Thy providence attends our way, To guard us and to guide; Thy grace directs our wandering will, And warns us, lest seducing ill Allure our souls aside.
- 3 Thy smiles, with a reviving light,
 Cheer the long, darksome hours of night,
 And gild the thickest gloom;
 Thy watchful love, around our bed,
 Doth softly like a curtain spread,
 And guard the peaceful room.
- 4 To thee our lives, our all, we owe, Our peace and sweetest joys below,

And brighter hopes above;
Then let our lives, and all that 's ours,
Our souls, and all our active powers,
Be sacred to thy love.

Thus, gracious Father! thee we praise;
 And, while our feeble songs we raise
 To bless thee and adore,
 Some spark of heavenly fire impart,
 And teach each humble, grateful heart
 To bless and love thee more.

EXETER COLL.

110. L. M.

- 1 Before Jehovah's awful throne, Ye nations, bow with sacred joy: Know that the Lord is God alone; He can create, and he destroy.
- 2 His sovereign power, without our aid, Made us of clay, and formed us men; And when, like wandering sheep, we strayed, He brought us to his fold again.
- 3 We are his people, we his care, Our souls, and all our mortal frame: What lasting honors shall we rear, Almighty Maker, to thy name?
- 4 We'll crowd thy gates, with thankful songs, High as the heaven our voices raise; And earth, with all her thousand tongues, Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

Wide as the world is thy command,
 Vast as eternity thy love;
 Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
 When rolling years shall cease to move.

WATTS.

111.

L. M.

Presence of God.

- 1 God of the ocean, earth, and sky! In thy bright presence we rejoice; We feel thee, see thee, ever nigh, We ever hear thy gracious voice.
- 2 We feel thee in the sunny beam; We see thee walk the mountain waves; We hear thee in the murmuring stream, And when the midnight tempest raves.
- 3 God on the lonely hills we meet; God, in the valley and the grove; While birds and whispering winds repeat That God is there,—that God is love!
- 4 We meet thee in the silent hour,
 When wearied nature sinks to rest;
 When dies the breeze, and sleeps the flower,
 And peace is given to every breast.
- We see thee when at eve afar
 We upward lift our wondering sight,—
 We see thee in each glittering star
 That beautifies the gloom of night.

6 But better still, and still more clear,
Thee in the sacred page we see:
There thy own glorious words we hear,
And learn the way to heaven and thee.

112. L. M.

- 1 All-powerful, self-existent God, Who all creation dost sustain! Thou wast, and art, and art to come, And everlasting is thy reign.
- 2 Fixed and eternal as thy days, Each glorious attribute divine, Through ages infinite, shall still With undiminished lustre shine.
- 3 Fountain of being! Source of good!
 Immutable thou dost remain!
 Nor can the shadow of a change
 Obscure the glories of thy reign.
- 4 Earth may with all her powers dissolve,
 If such the great Creator's will;
 But thou forever art the same,
 I AM is thy memorial still.

113.

S. M.

Nature and Revelation.

1 Behold! the lofty sky Declares its maker, God;

And all his starry worlds on high Proclaim his power abroad.

- The darkness and the light
 Still keep their course the same;
 While night to day, and day to night,
 Divinely teach his name.
- 3 In every different land
 Their general voice is known;
 They show the wonders of his hand,
 And orders of his throne.
- 4 Ye Christian lands! rejoice;
 Here he reveals his word;
 We are not left to nature's voice,
 To bid us know the Lord.
- His laws are just and pure, His truth without deceit;
 His promises forever sure, And his rewards are great.

WATTS.

114.

L. M.

Nature and Revelation.

1 The heavens declare thy glory, Lord!
In every star thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.

- 2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
 And nights and days thy power confess;
 But the blest volume thou hast writ
 Reveals thy justice and thy grace.
- 3 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
 Till through the world thy truth has run,
 Till Christ has all the nations blest,
 That see the light, or feel the sun.
- 4 Great Sun of Righteousness! arise;
 Bless the dark world with heavenly light;
 Thy gospel makes the simple wise,
 Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.
- 5 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
 In souls renewed, and sins forgiven:
 Lord! cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
 And make thy word my guide to heaven.
 WATTS.

115.

C. M.

God's Eternal Dominion.

- 1 Great God! how infinite art thou!—
 What worthless worms are we!
 Let the whole race of creatures bow,
 And pay their praise to thee.
- 2 Thy throne eternal ages stood, Ere seas or stars were made: Thou art the ever-living God, Were all the nations dead.

- 3 Eternity, with all its years,
 Stands present in thy view:
 To thee there 's nothing old appears —
 Great God! there 's nothing new.
- 4 Our lives through varying scenes are drawn, And vexed with trifling cares; While thine eternal thought moves on Thine undisturbed affairs.
- 5 Great God! how infinite art thou! What worthless worms are we! Let the whole race of creatures bow, And pay their praise to thee.

WATTS.

116.

C. M.

Prayer for Wisdom.

- 1 Almighty God, in humble prayer To thee our souls we lift; Do thou our waiting minds prepare For thy most needful gift.
- 2 We ask not golden streams of wealth Along our path to flow; We ask not undecaying health, Nor length of years below:
- 3 We ask not honors, which an hour May bring and take away; We ask not pleasure, pomp, or power, Lest we should go astray:

- 4 We ask for wisdom: Lord, impart
 The knowledge how to live;
 A wise and understanding heart
 To each of us now give.
- May we remember thee in youth, Before the evil days;
 And e'er be guided by thy truth In wisdom's pleasant ways.

MONTGOMERY.

117.

L. M.

Majesty of God.

- 1 Come, O my soul! in sacred lays, Attempt thy great Creator's praise; But oh! what tongue can speak his fame? What mortal verse can reach the theme?
- 2 Enthroned amid the radiant spheres, He glory, like a garment, wears; To form a robe of light divine Ten thousand suns around him shine.
- 3 In all our Maker's grand designs, Omnipotence, with wisdom, shines; His works, through all this wondrous frame, Declare the glory of his name.
- 4 Raised on devotion's lofty wing,
 Do thou, my soul! his glories sing;
 And let his praise employ thy tongue,
 Till listening worlds shall join the song.

BLACKLOCK.

118.

S. M.

Praise to our Creator.

- 1 Almighty Maker, God, How wondrous is thy name! Thy glories how diffused abroad, Through all creation's frame!
- Nature, in every dress,
 Her humble homage pays;
 And finds a thousand ways to express
 Her gratitude and praise.
- The lark mounts up on high With unambitious song,
 And bears her Maker's praise on high,
 Upon her artless tongue.
- 4 My soul would rise and sing
 Her great Creator too;
 Fain would my tongue adore my King,
 And pay the homage due.
- For God then let me spend
 The remnant of my days,
 And ever may my soul ascend,
 In grateful songs of praise.

WATTS.

119.

L. M.

The Goodness and Mercy of God celebrated.

1 Bless, O my soul, the living God, Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad;

Let all the powers within me join, In work and worship so divine.

- 2 Bless, O my soul, the God of grace:
 His favors claim thy highest praise:
 Let not the wonders he hath wrought
 Be lost in silence and forgot.
- 3 'T is he, my soul, that sent his Son To die for crimes which thou hast done: He owns the ransom, and forgives The hourly follies of our lives.
- 4 Let every land his power confess, Let all the earth adore his grace: My heart and tongue with rapture join, In work and worship so divine.

120.

C. M.

The Bounties of Providence.

- 1 Lord, when my raptured thought surveys Creation's beauties o'er, All nature joins to teach thy praise, And bid my soul adore.
- 2 Where'er I turn my gazing eyes, Thy radiant footsteps shine; Ten thousand pleasing wonders rise, And speak their source divine.
- 3 On me thy providence has shone With gentle, smiling rays:

O, let my lips and life make known Thy goodness and thy praise.

4 All-bounteous Lord, thy grace impart; O, teach me to improve Thy gifts, with ever grateful heart; And crown them with thy love.

STEELE.

121.

10 s. M.

Imploring Divine Light.

O Thou, whose power o'er moving worlds presides,
 Whose voice created, and whose wisdom guides,
 On darkling man in pure effulgence shine,

And cheer the clouded mind with light divine.

2 'T is thine alone to calm the pious breast
With silent confidence and holy rest;
From thee, great God, we spring; to thee we
tend.

Path, Motive, Guide, Original, and End.

122. 7 s. M.

1 Blest Instructor, from thy ways
Who can tell how oft he strays?
Purge me from the guilt that lies
Wrapt within my heart's disguise.

2 Let my tongue, from error free, Speak the words approved by thee;

To thine all-observing eyes Let our thoughts accepted rise.

3 While I thus thy name adore,
And thy healing grace implore,
Blest Redeemer! bow thine ear;
God, my strength! propitious hear.

Merrick.

123. L. M.

Deliverance from Sin desired.

- 1 And dost thou say, "Ask what thou wilt"? Lord, I would seize the golden hour — I pray to be released from guilt, And freed from sin's polluting power.
- 2 More of thy presence, Lord, impart; More of thine image let me bear; Erect thy throne within my heart, And reign without a rival there.
- 3 Give me to read my pardon sealed, And from thy joy to draw my strength; O, be thy boundless love revealed In all its height and breadth and length!
- 4 Grant these requests I ask no more, But to thy care the rest resign: Sick or in health, or rich or poor, All shall be well, if thou art mine.

NEWTON.

124.

C. M.

Confidence in God.

- 1 Since all the varying scenes of time God's watchful eye surveys, O, who so wise to choose our lot, Or to appoint our ways!
- 2 Good, when he gives supremely good,
 Nor less when he denies;
 E'en crosses, from his sovereign hand,
 Are blessings in disguise.
- Why should we doubt a Father's love,
 So constant and so kind?
 To his unerring, gracious will
 Be every wish resigned.
- 4 In thy fair book of life divine, My God, inscribe my name; There let it fill some humble place Beneath my Lord the Lamb!

HERVEY.

125.

L. M.

The Joy in Worshipping Gods

1 Great God, attend while here we sing The joys that from thy presence spring; To spend one hour with thee on earth, Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

- 2 God is our Sun, he makes our day; God is our Shield, he guards our way From all the assaults of hell and sin, From foes without and foes within.
- 3 All needful grace will God bestow, And crown that grace with glory too; He gives us all things, and withholds No real good from upright souls.
- 4 Then let us walk with growing strength, Till all shall meet in heaven at length; Till all before thy face appear, And join in nobler worship there.

WATTS.

126.

L. M.

God our Father.

- 1 Great God! and wilt thou condescend To be my Father and my friend? I but a child, and thou so high, The Lord of earth, and air, and sky!
- 2 Art thou my Father? Let me be A meek, obedient child to thee; And try, in every deed and thought, To serve and please thee as I ought.
- 3 Art thou my Father? I'll depend Upon the care of such a friend; And only wish to do and be Whatever seemeth good to thee.

99

4 Art thou my Father? — Then, at last, When all my days on earth are past, Send down, and take me, in thy love, To be thy better child above.

127.

L. M.

Wisdom and Knowledge of God.

- 1 Awake, my tongue—thy tribute bring To him who gave thee power to sing; Praise him, who is all praise above, The source of wisdom and of love.
- 2 How vast his knowledge! how profound! A depth where all our thoughts are drowned! The stars he numbers, and their names He gives to all those heavenly flames.
- 3 Through each bright world above, behold Ten thousand thousand charms unfold: Earth, air, and mighty seas combine, To speak his wisdom all divine.
- 4 But in redemption, O what grace!
 Its wonders, O what thought can trace!
 Here wisdom shines forever bright—
 Praise him, my soul, with sweet delight.

128.

L. M.

God Incomprehensible.

1 Can creatures to perfection find The eternal, uncreated mind?

Or can the largest stretch of thought Measure and search his nature out?

- 2 'T is high as heaven, 't is deep as hell; And what can mortals know or tell? His glory spreads beyond the sky, And all the shining worlds on high.
- 3 He frowns, and darkness veils the moon, The fainting sun grows dim at noon; The pillars of heaven's starry roof Tremble and start at his reproof.
- 4 These are a portion of his ways;
 But who shall dare describe his face?
 Who can endure his light, or stand
 To hear the thunders of his hand?

WATTS.

129.

6 & 4 s. M.

The Trinity.

- 1 Come, thou almighty King,
 Help us thy name to sing,
 Help us to praise!
 Father all glorious,
 O'er all victorious,
 Come and reign over us,
 Ancient of Days.
- 2 Jesus, our Lord, arise, Scatter our enemies, Now make them fall!

Let thine almighty aid
Our sure defence be made,
Our souls on thee be stayed —
Lord, hear our call!

- 3 Come, thou, incarnate Word, Gird on thy mighty sword; Our prayer attend! Come, and thy people bless, Come, give thy word success; Spirit of holiness, On us descend!
- 4 Come, holy Comforter,
 Thy sacred witness bear,
 In this glad hour!
 Thou, who almighty art;
 Now rule in every heart,
 And ne'er from us depart,
 Spirit of power.
- 5 To thee, great ONE in THREE,
 The highest praises be,
 Hence evermore!
 Thy sovereign majesty
 May we in glory see,
 And to eternity
 Love and adore!

ANON.

130.

L. M.

God seen in All.

1 My God! all nature owns thy sway; Thou giv'st the night and thou the day:

When all thy loved creation wakes, When morning, rich in lustre, breaks, And bathes in dew the opening flower, To thee we owe her fragrant hour; And when she pours her choral song, Her melodies to thee belong.

- 2 Or when, in paler tints arrayed, The evening slowly spreads her shade, That soothing shade, that grateful gloom, Can, more than day's enlivening bloom, Still every fond and vain desire, And calmer, purer thoughts inspire; From earth the pensive spirit free, And lead the softened heart to thee.
- 3 In every scene thy hands have dressed,
 In every form by thee impressed
 Upon the mountain's awful head,
 Or where the sheltering woods are spread:
 In every note that swells the gale,
 Or tuneful stream that cheers the vale,
 The cavern's depth, or echoing grove,
 A voice is heard of praise and love.
- 4 As o'er thy work the seasons roll,
 And soothe, with change of bliss, the soul,
 O, never may their smiling train
 Pass o'er the human sense in vain!
 But oft, as on their charms we gaze,
 Attune the wondering soul to praise;
 And be the joys that most we prize
 Those joys that from thy favor rise!

H. M. WILLIAMS.

131.

L. M.

The Fear of God.

- 1 Great Author of all nature's frame! Holy and reverend is thy name! Thou, Lord of life, and Lord of death, Worlds rise and vanish at thy breath.
- 2 Nations, in thine all-seeing eye, Are less than nothing, vanity; Against thee who shall lift his hand? Before thy terrors who can stand?
- 3 But blest are they, O gracious Lord, Who fear thy name and hear thy word; With such thy dwelling is, on those Thy peace its joy divine bestows.
- 4 O that my soul, with awful sense Of thy transcendent excellence, May close the day, the day begin, Watchful against each darling sin!
- 5 Never, O never from my heart
 May this great principle depart!
 But act, with unabating power,
 Within me, to my latest hour.

J. Scott.

132.

C. M.

The unceasing Goodness of God.

1 Jehovah God! thy gracious power On every hand we see;

- O, may the blessings of each hour Lead all our thoughts to thee!
- 2 If on the wings of morn we speed To earth's remotest bound, Thy hand will there our footsteps lead, Thy love, our path surround.
- 3 Thy power is in the ocean deeps And reaches to the skies; Thine eye of mercy never sleeps, Thy goodness never dies.
- 4 From morn till noon, till latest eve,
 The hand of God we see;
 And all the blessings we receive
 Ceaseless proceed from thee.
- 5 In all the varying scenes of time, On thee our hopes depend; Through every age, in every clime, Our Father and our Friend!

THOMSON.

133.

7 s. M.

My Bible.

- 1 Holy Bible! book divine! Precious treasure! thou art mine: Mine to tell me whence I came; Mine to tell me what I am;
- 2 Mine to chide me when I rove; Mine to show a Saviour's love; Mine thou art to guide and guard; Mine to punish or reward;
- 3 Mine to comfort in distress, If the Holy Spirit bless; Mine to show, by living faith, Man can triumph over death;
- 4 Mine to tell of joys to come,
 And the rebel sinner's doom:
 O, thou holy book divine!
 Precious treasure, thou art mine!

134.

C. M.

Value of the Scriptures.

- How precious is the book divine, By inspiration given!
 Bright as a lamp, its doctrines shine, To guide our souls to heaven.
- 2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts, In this dark vale of tears; Life, light, and joy it still imparts, And quells our rising fears.
- 3 This lamp through all the tedious night
 Of life shall guide our way;
 Till we behold the clearer light
 Of an eternal day.

FAWCETT.

135.

S. M.

Nature and Revelation.

- Behold the sun, how bright From yonder east he springs,
 As if the soul of life and light Were breathing from his wings.
- 2 So bright the gospel broke Upon the souls of men; So fresh the dreaming world awoke In truth's full radiance then!

- 3 Before yon sun arose, Stars clustered through the sky — But oh! how dim, how pale were those To his one burning eye.
- 4 So truth lent many a ray,
 To bless the pagan's night —
 But, Lord, how weak, how cold were they
 To thy one glorious light!

136. L. M.

Light of Religion.

- 1 Were all our hopes and all our fears Confined within life's narrow bound; If, travellers through this vale of tears, We saw no better world beyond;
- 2 Did not a sunbeam break the gloom, And not a floweret smile beneath; Who could exist in such a tomb? Who dwell amid the shades of death?
- 3 And such were life without the ray
 From our divine religion given:
 'T is this that makes our darkness day,
 'T is this that makes our earth a heaven.
- 4 Bright is the golden sun above,
 And beautiful the flowers that bloom,
 And all is joy, and all is love,
 Reflected from a world to come.

BOWRING.

137.

C. M.

The Bible suited to our Wants.

- 1 FATHER of mercies! in thy word
 What endless glory shines!
 Forever be thy name adored
 For these celestial lines.
- 2 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows, And yields a free repast; Sublimer sweets than nature knows Invite the longing taste.
- 3 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice Spreads heavenly peace around; And life and everlasting joys Attend the blissful sound.
- 4 O, may these heavenly pages be
 My ever dear delight;
 And still new beauties may I see,
 And still increasing light!
- 5 Divine instructor, gracious Lord!
 Be thou forever near;
 Teach me to love thy sacred word,
 And view my Saviour there.

STEELE.

138.

C. M.

The Scriptures the Guide for Youth.

1 How shall the young secure their hearts, And guard their lives from sin?

10

Thy word the choicest rule imparts
To keep the conscience clean.

- 2 'T is like the sun, a heavenly light,
 That guides us all the day;
 And, through the dangers of the night,
 A lamp to lead our way.
 - 3 Thy precepts make me truly wise;
 I hate the sinner's road;
 I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,
 But love thy law, my God!
 - 4 Thy word is everlasting truth;
 How pure is every page!
 That holy book shall guide our youth
 And well support our age.

 WATTS.

139.

8 & 6 s. M.

My Mother's Bible.

- 1 This book is all that's left me now!
 Tears will unbidden start,—
 With faltering lip and throbbing brow,
 I press it to my heart.
 For many generations past,
 Here is our family tree;
 My mother's hands this Bible clasped;
 She, dying, gave it me.
- 2 Ah! well do I remember those Whose names these records bear,

Who round the hearthstone used to close After the evening prayer, And speak of what these pages said, In tones my heart would thrill! Though they are with the silent dead, Here are they living still!

3 My father read this holy book To brothers, sisters dear : How calm was my poor mother's look, Who leaned God's word to hear! Her angel face — I see it yet! What thronging memories come! Again that little group is met Within the halls of home!

4 Thou truest friend man ever knew, Thy constancy I've tried; Where all were false I found thee true, My counsellor and guide. The mines of earth no treasures give That could this volume buy: In teaching me the way to live, It taught me how to die. G. P. MORRIS.

140.

C. P. M.

- 1 Begin, my soul, the exalted lay; Let each enraptured thought obey, And praise the Almighty name; Lo! heaven, and earth, and seas, and skies, In one melodious concert rise, To swell the inspiring theme.
- 2 Thou heaven of heavens, his vast abode, Ye clouds, proclaim your Maker, God; Ye thunders, speak his power; Lo! on the lightning's fiery wing, In triumph rides the eternal King; The astonished worlds adore.
- 3 Ye deeps, with roaring billows, rise
 To join the thunders of the skies;
 Praise Him who bids you roll;
 His praise in softer notes declare,
 Each whispering breeze of yielding air,
 And breathe it to the soul.

OGILVIE.

141. 6 & 4 s. M.

- 1 GLORY to God on high!
 Let heaven and earth reply;
 Praise ye his name;
 His love and grace adore,
 Who all our sorrows bore;
 And sing forevermore,
 "Worthy the Lamb."
- 2 Ye who surround the throne, Join cheerfully in one, Praising his name; Ye who have felt his blood Sealing your peace with God, Sound his dear name abroad: "Worthy the Lamb."
- 3 Join, all ye ransomed race, Our Lord and God to bless; Praise ye his name; In him we will rejoice, And make a joyful noise, Shouting with heart and voice, "Worthy the Lamb."
- 4 Soon must we change our place;
 Yet will we never cease
 Praising his name;
 To him our songs we'll bring,
 Hail him our gracious King,
 And through all ages sing,
 "Worthy the Lamb."

10 *

THANKSGIVING AND PRAISE. 142. S. M. Exhortations to Worship. Come, sound his praise abroad, And hymns of glory sing; Jehovah is the sovereign God, The universal King. Come, worship at his throne; Come, bow before the Lord: We are his works, and not our own; He formed us by his word. 3 To-day attend his voice, Nor dare provoke his rod; Come, like the people of his choice, And own your gracious God. His arm shall well sustain

4 His arm shall well sustain
 The children of his love:
 The ground on which their safety stands
 No earthly power can move.

WATTS.

143.

7 s. M.

Lowly Praise.

1 Lord, in heaven, thy dwelling-place, Hear the praises we now raise, And, while hearing, let thy grace Dews of sweet forgiveness pour;

While we know, benignant King,
That the praises which we bring
Are a worthless offering
Till thy blessing makes it more.

2 More of truth, and more of might,
More of love, and more of light,
More of reason, and of right,
From thy pardoning grace be given!
It can make the humblest song
Sweet, acceptable, and strong,
As the strains the angels' throng
Pour around the throne of heaven.

BOWRING.

144.

110000 11011000000

C. M.

Trusting and Praising God.

- 1 Through all the changing scenes of life, In trouble and in joy, The praises of my God shall still My heart and tongue employ.
- 2 O, magnify the Lord with me, With me exalt his name! When in distress to him I called, He to my rescue came.
- 3 The hosts of God encamp around The dwellings of the just; Deliverance he affords to all Who on his succor trust.

- 4 O, make but trial of his love;
 Experience will decide,—
 How blest are they, and only they,
 Who in his truth confide!
- 5 Fear him, ye young, and ye will then
 Have nothing else to fear;
 Make ye his service your delight,—
 He'll make your wants his care.

TATE AND BRADY.

145.

C. M.

Divine Goodness.

- 1 LORD, thou art good; all nature shows Its mighty Author kind; Thy bounty through creation flows, Full, free, and unconfined.
- 2 The whole in every part proclaims Thy infinite good-will; It shines in stars, it flows in streams, And bursts from every hill.
- 3 It fills the wide-extended main,
 And heavens which spread more wide;
 It drops in gentle showers of rain,
 And rolls in every tide.
- 4 Still hath it been diffused and free,
 Through ages past and gone;
 Nor ever can exhausted be,
 But still keeps flowing on.

- 5 Through the whole earth it pours supplies, Spreads joy through all its parts; Lord, may thy goodness draw our eyes, And captivate our hearts!
- 6 High admiration let it raise, And kind affections move; Employ our tongues in hymns of praise, And fill our hearts with love.

BROWNE.

146.

7 s. M.

Songs of Praise.

- 1 Songs of praise the angels sang, Heaven with hallelujahs rang, When Jehovah's work begun, When he spake, and it was done.
- 2 Songs of praise awoke the morn When the Prince of Peace was born; Songs of praise arose when he Captive led captivity.
- 3 Heaven and earth must pass away, Songs of praise shall crown that day, God will make new heavens and earth, Songs of praise shall hail their birth.
- 4 And shall man alone be dumb,
 Till that glorious kingdom come?
 No; let all delight to raise
 Psalms and hymns and songs of praise.

- 5 Saints below, with heart and voice, Still in songs of praise rejoice, Learning here, by faith and love, Songs of praise to sing above.
- 6 Borne upon their latest breath,
 Songs of praise shall conquer death;
 Then, amid eternal joy,
 Songs of praise their powers employ.

 MONTGOMERY.

147. H. M.

Rejoicing in God.

- 1 To your Creator, God,
 Your great preserver, raise,
 Ye creatures of his hand,
 Your highest notes of praise:
 Let every voice proclaim his power,
 His name adore, and loud rejoice.
- Let every creature join
 To celebrate his name,
 And all their various powers
 Assist the exalted theme;
 Let nature raise, from every tongue,
 A general song of grateful praise.
- 3 But oh! from human tongues
 Should nobler praises flow;
 And every thankful heart
 With warm devotion glow:
 Your voices raise, ye highly blest!
 Above the rest, declare his praise.

4 Assist me, gracious God!
My heart, my voice inspire:
Then shall I grateful join
The universal choir:
Thy grace can raise my heart, my tongue,
And tune my song to lively praise.

STEELE.

148.

S. M.

Praise for Preserving Grace.

- To God, the only wise, Our Saviour, and our King, Let all the saints below the skies Their humble praises bring.
- 2 'T is his almighty love, His counsel and his care,Preserves us safe from sin and death, And every hurtful snare.
- 3 He will present our souls, Unblemished and complete, Before the glory of his face, With joys divinely great.
- 4 Then all the chosen seed
 Shall meet around the throne:
 Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
 And make his wonders known.
- 5 To our Redeemer God Wisdom and power belongs; Immortal crowns of majesty, And everlasting songs.

119

WATTS.

149.

C. M.

Rejoicing in God.

- 1 When morning's first and hallowed ray Breaks with its trembling light, To chase the pearly dews away, Bright tear-drops of the night,—
- 2 My heart, O Lord, forgets to rove, But gladly rises free, On wings of everlasting love, And finds its home in thee.
- 3 When evening's silent shades descend, And nature sinks to rest, Still to my Father and my Friend My wishes are addressed.
- 4 Though tears may dim my hours of joy,
 And bid my pleasures flee,
 Thou reign'st where grief cannot annoy:
 I will be glad in thee.
- 5 And e'en when midnight's solemn gloom Above, around, is spread, Sweet dreams of everlasting bloom Are hovering o'er my head.
- 6 I dream of that fair land, O Lord, Where all thy saints shall be, I wake to lean upon thy word, And still delight in thee.

CH. HARP.

150.

7 s. M.

Praise to God.

- 1 Praise to God; O, let us raise From our hearts a song of praise; Of that goodness let us sing Whence our lives and blessings spring.
- 2 Praise to Him who made the light, Praise to Him who gave us sight! Praise to Him who formed the ear! He our humble praise will hear.
- 3 Praise Him for our happy hours; Praise Him for our varied powers; For these thoughts that soar above; For these hearts he made for love.
- 4 For the voice he placed within, Bearing witness when we sin; Praise to Him whose tender care Keeps the watchful guardian there!
- 5 Praise the mercy that did send Jesus for our guide and friend: Praise Him, every heart and voice, Him who makes the world rejoice.

FOLLEN.

151.

7 s. M.

1 Praise to God, immortal praise, For the love that crowns our days!

11

Bounteous Source of every joy, Let thy praise our tongues employ.

- 2 All that Spring, with bounteous hand, Scatters o'er the smiling land, — All that liberal Autumn pours From her rich, o'erflowing stores, —
- 3 These to thee, our God, we owe, Source whence all our comforts flow! And for these, in happy days, We will pay our grateful praise.
- 4 Grateful, never-ending praise, Lord, to thee my soul shall raise; And, when every blessing's flown, Love thee for thyself alone.

BARBAULD.

152.

L. M.

Praise for Temporal Blessings.

- 1 WE bless the Lord, the just and good, Who fills our hearts with joy and food; Who pours his blessings from the skies, And loads our days with rich supplies.
- 2 He sends the sun the circuit round, To cheer the fruits, to warm the ground; He bids the clouds, with plenteous rain, Refresh the thirsty earth again.
- 3 'T is to his care we owe our breath, And all our near escapes from death;

Safety and health to God belong; He helps the weak, he guards the strong.

- 4 With power he vindicates the just,
 And treads the oppressor in the dust;
 In him the poor and helpless find
 A judge most just, a father kind.
- 5 O, let us, then, with joy record
 The truth and goodness of the Lord!
 How great his works! how kind his ways!
 Let every tongue pronounce his praise.

WATTS.

153.

L. M.

Praise to God from all the Earth.

- 1 YE nations round the earth! rejoice Before the Lord, your sovereign King; Serve him with cheerful heart and voice; With all your tongues his glory sing.
- 2 The Lord is God; 't is he alone Doth life and breath and being give; We are his work, and not our own; The sheep that on his pastures live.
- 3 Enter his gates with songs of joy;
 With praises to his courts repair;
 And make it your divine employ
 To pay your thanks and honors there.

4 The Lord is good, the Lord is kind; Great is his grace, his mercy sure; And the whole race of man shall find His truth from age to age endure.

WATTS.

154.

L. M.

Perpetual Praise.

- When, wakened by thy voice of power,
 The hour of morning beams in light,
 My voice shall sing that morning hour,
 And thee, who madest that hour so bright.
- 2 The morning strengthens into noon; Earth's fairest beauties shine more fair; And noon and morning shall attune My grateful heart to praise and prayer.
- When 'neath the evening western gate
 The sun's retiring rays are hid,
 My joy shall be to meditate,
 E'en as the pious patriarch did.
- 4 As twilight wears a darker hue,
 And gathering night creation dims,
 The twilight and the midnight, too,
 Shall have their harmonies and hymns.
- 5 So shall sweet thoughts, and thoughts sublime,
 My constant inspirations be;
 And every shifting scene of time
 Reflect, my God, a light from thee.

BOWRING.

155.

H. M.

God's Goodness and Truth.

- Sing to the Lord most high;
 Let every land adore;
 With grateful voice make known
 His goodness and his power;
 With cheerful songs declare his ways,
 And let his praise inspire your tongues.
- 2 The shining worlds above
 In glorious order stand,
 Or in swift courses move,
 By his supreme command:
 He spake the word, and all their frame
 From nothing came, to praise the Lord.
- 3 His hands provide our food,
 And every blessing give;
 We feed upon his care,
 And in his pastures live:
 With cheerful songs declare his ways,
 And let his praise inspire your tongues.

DWIGHT.

156.

7 & 6 s. M.

Jesus welcomed.

 When, his salvation bringing, To Zion Jesus came,
 The children all stood singing Hosanna to his name.

11 *

125

Nor did their zeal offend him, But as he rode along, He bade them still attend him, And smiled to hear their song.

- 2 And since the Lord retaineth
 His love for children still,
 Though now as King he reigneth
 On Zion's heavenly hill,
 We'll flock around his banner
 Who sits upon the throne;
 And cry aloud, "Hosanna
 To David's royal Son."
- 3 For should we fail proclaiming
 Our great Redeemer's praise,
 The stones, our silence shaming,
 Might well hosanna raise.
 But shall we only render
 The tribute of our words?
 No! while our hearts are tender,
 They, too, shall be the Lord's.

157. 7 & 6 s. M.

"Let every living thing praise the Lord."

1 Praise the Lord, who reigns above
And keeps his court below;
Praise him for his boundless love,
And all his greatness show;
Praise him for his noble deeds;
Praise him for his matchless power;
Him, from whom all good proceeds,
Let earth and heaven adore.

- 2 Publish, spread to all around,
 The great Immanuel's name;
 Let the gospel-trumpet sound;
 The Prince of Peace proclaim:
 Praise him, every tuneful string!
 All the reach of heavenly art,
 All the power of music bring—
 The music of the heart.
- 3 Him, in whom they move and live,
 Let every creature sing;
 Glory to our Saviour give,
 And homage to our King;
 Hallowed be his name beneath,
 As in heaven, on earth adored:
 Praise the Lord in every breath;
 Let all things praise the Lord.

PRATT'S COLL.

158.

8 & 7 s. M.

Praise the Lord.

- 1 Praise the Lord; ye heavens adore him; Praise him, angels, in the height, Sun and moon, rejoice before him; Praise him, all ye stars of light.
- 2 Praise the Lord, for he hath spoken; Worlds his mighty voice obeyed; Laws which never can be broken, For their guidance he hath made.
- 3 Praise the Lord, for he is glorious; Never shall his promise fail;

God hath made his saints victorious; Sin and death shall not prevail.

4 Praise the God of our salvation;
Hosts on high his power proclaim;
Heaven and earth, and all creation,
Praise and magnify his name.

LIVERPOOL COLL.

159.

L. M.

Pious Friendship.

- 1 How blest the sacred tie that binds,
 In union sweet, according minds!
 How swift the heavenly course they run,
 Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes, are one!
- 2 To each the soul of each how dear!
 What jealous love! what holy fear!
 How doth the generous flame within
 Refine from earth and cleanse from sin!
- 3 Their streaming eyes together flow For human guilt and mortal woe; Their ardent prayers together rise, Like mingling flames in sacrifice.
- 4 Nor shall the glowing flame expire,
 When nature droops her sickening fire;
 Then shall they meet in realms above,
 A heaven of joy, because of love.

MRS. BARBAULD.

7 s. M.

Praise. - Psalm cxxxvi.

- 1 Lift your voice and joyful sing Praises to our heavenly King; For his mercies far extend, And his bounty knows no end.
- 2 Honor pay to heaven's high Lord, And his wondrous deeds record; Through the various realms of earth Praise him, all of human birth; —
- 3 Him whose wisdom, throned on high, Built the mansions of the sky, And the orbs that gild the pole Bade through boundless ether roll.
- 4 To the great Eternal King Raise your voice and joyful sing; For his mercies wide extend, And his bounty knows no end.

161.

C. M.

The Lamb of God worshipped.

Come, let us join our cheerful songs,
 With angels round the throne;
 Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
 But all their joys are one.

- 2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,"To be exalted thus:""Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,"For he was slain for us."
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
 Honor and power divine;
 And blessings more than we can give
 Be, Lord, forever thine.
- 4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
 And air, and earth, and seas,
 Conspire to lift thy glories high,
 And speak thine endless praise.
- 5 The whole creation join in one To bless the sacred name Of him who sits upon the throne, And to adore the Lamb.

WATTS.

162. C. M.

- When all thy mercies, O my God, My rising soul surveys,
 Transported with the view, I'm lost In wonder, love, and praise.
- 2 Unnumbered comforts on my soul Thy tender care bestowed, Before my infant heart conceived From whom those comforts flowed.

- 3 When worn with sickness, oft hast thou With health renewed my face;
 And, when in sin and sorrow sunk,
 Revived my soul with grace.
- 4 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
 My daily thanks employ;
 Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
 That tastes those gifts with joy.

MARVELL.

163.

L. M.

Song of Gratitude and Praise.

- 1 God of my life! through all my days
 My grateful powers shall sound thy praise;
 The song shall wake with opening light,
 And warble to the silent night.
- 2 When anxious cares would break my rest, And griefs would tear my throbbing breast, Thy tuneful praises, raised on high, Shall check the murmur and the sigh.
- 3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,
 And all my powers of language fail,
 Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,
 And mean the thanks I cannot speak.
- 4 But O, when that last conflict's o'er, And I am chained to flesh no more, With what glad accents shall I rise To join the music of the skies!

5 Then shall I learn the exalted strains
Which echo o'er the heavenly plains;
And emulate, with joy unknown,
The glowing seraphs round thy throne.

DODDRIDGE.

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164.

7 s. M.

Influences of the Spirit invoked.

- 1 Gracious Spirit Love divine! Let thy light within me shine; All my guilty fears remove, Fill me with thy heavenly love.
- 2 Speak thy pardoning grace to me, Set the burdened sinner free; Lead me to the Lamb of God, Wash me in his precious blood.
- 3 Life and peace to me impart; Seal salvation on my heart: Come and dwell within my breast, Earnest of immortal rest.
- 4 Let me never from thee stray, Keep me in the narrow way; Fill my soul with joy divine; Keep me, Lord, forever thine.

STOCKER.

C. M.

Praying for Divine Help.

- O, HELP us, Lord! each hour of need
 Thy heavenly succor give;
 Help us in thought, and word, and deed,
 Each hour on earth we live.
- 2 O, help us, when our spirits bleed,
 With contrite anguish sore;
 And when our hearts are cold and dead,
 O, help us, Lord, the more.
- 3 O, help us, through the prayer of faith,
 More firmly to believe;
 For still the more the servant hath,
 The more shall he receive.
- 4 O, help us, Father, from on high;
 We know no help but thee;
 O, help us so to live and die,
 As thine in heaven to be.

MILMAN.

166.

L. M.

Prayer for Guardianship and Guidance.

1 O Thou, to whose all-searching sight The darkness shineth as the light, Search, prove my heart; it pants for thee; O, burst these bonds, and set it free!

- 2 If in this darksome wild I stray, Be thou my Light, be thou my Way; No foes, no violence I fear, No fraud, while thou, my God, art near.
- 3 When rising floods my soul o'erflow, When sinks my heart in waves of woe, O God, thy timely aid impart, And raise my head and cheer my heart.
- 4 If rough and thorny be the way,
 My strength proportion to my day;
 Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,
 Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.

MORAVIAN.

167.

L. M.

God Everywhere to be worshipped.

- Lo! God is here; let us adore,
 And humbly bow before his face;
 Let all within us feel his power,
 Let all within us seek his peace.
- 2 Lo! God is here; him day and night United choirs of angels sing; To him, enthroned above all height, Heaven's host their noblest praises bring.
- 3 Being of beings! may our praise
 Thy courts with grateful incense fill:
 Still may we stand before thy face,
 Still hear and do thy sovereign will

4 More of thy presence, Lord! impart;
More of thine image may we bear:
O, fix thy throne in every heart,
And reign without a rival there.

168.

L. M.

Communion with God desired.

- 1 My gracious Lord, whose changeless love To me no earthly power can part, When shall my feet forget to rove? Ah! what shall fix this faithless heart?
- 2 Why do these cares my soul divide, If thou indeed hast set me free? Why am I thus, if thou hast died,— If thou hast died to ransom me?
- 3 Great God, thy sovereign aid impart,
 And guard the gifts thyself hast given:
 My portion thou, my treasure art,
 My life, my happiness, and heaven.
- 4 Would aught with thee my wishes share, Though dear as life the idol be, That idol from my breast I 'll tear, Resolved to seek my all from thee.
- 5 Whate'er I fondly counted mine, To thee, my Lord, I here restore: With joy I all for thee resign; Give me thyself,—I ask no more.

L. M.

Prayer for Divine Guidance.

- 1 Great God! our Father and our Friend, On whom we cast our constant care, On whom for all things we depend, To thee we raise our humble prayer.
- 2 Endue us with a holy fear; The frailty of our hearts reveal; Sin and its snares are always near — Thee may we always nearer feel.
- 3 O, that to thee each youthful mind May with a steadfast love aspire; The path of wisdom early find, And check the rise of wrong desire.
- 4 O, that our watchful souls may fly The first perceived approach of sin; Look up to thee when danger's nigh, And feel thy fear control within.
- 5 Search, gracious God! each inmost heart From guilt and error set us free; Thy light, and truth, and peace impart, And guide us safe to heaven and thee.

EXETER COLL.

170.

C. M.

Prayer for Guidance and Protection.

1 God of our fathers! by whose hand Thy children still are blest,

- Be with us through our pilgrimage, Conduct us to our rest.
- 2 Through each perplexing path of life, Our wandering footsteps guide: Give us each day our daily bread, And raiment fit provide.
- 3 O, spread thy sheltering wings around, Till all our wanderings cease, And at our Father's loved abode Our souls arrive in peace.
- 4 Such blessings from thy gracious hand Our humble prayers implore; And thou, the Lord, shalt be our God, And portion evermore.

EPIS. COLL.

171.

C. M.

Watchfulness and Prayer.

- 1 Alas, what hourly dangers rise, What snares beset my way; To heaven, O let me lift mine eyes, And hourly watch and pray!
- 2 O gracious God, in whom I live, My feeble efforts aid; Help me to watch, and pray, and strive, Though trembling and afraid!
- 3 Increase my faith, increase my hope, When foes and fears prevail;

- And bear my fainting spirit up, Or soon my strength will fail.
- Whene'er temptations fright my heart, Or lure my feet aside, My God, thy powerful aid impart, My guardian and my guide.
- 5 O, keep me in thy heavenly way,
 And bid the tempter flee;
 And let me never, never stray,
 From happiness and thee.

172.

S. M.

Prayer for a Holy Heart.

- 1 Great Source of life and light, Thy heavenly grace impart, And by thy Holy Spirit write Thy law upon my heart.
- 2 My soul would cleave to thee; Let naught my purpose move; O, let my faith more steadfast be, And more intense my love!
- 3 Thy grace to me impart,
 With meekness to reprove,
 To hate the sin with all my heart,
 And still the sinner love.
- 4 Long as my trials last, Long as the cross I bear,

- O, let my soul on thee be cast In confidence and prayer!
- Conduct me to the shore
 Of everlasting peace,
 Where storm and tempest rise no more,
 Where sin and sorrow cease.

173. C. M.

Seeking the Knowledge of God.

- 1 Shine forth, eternal Source of light, And make thy glories known; Fill our enlarged, adoring sight With lustre all thy own.
- 2 Vain are the charms, and faint the rays, The brightest creatures boast; And all their grandeur, and their praise, Is in thy presence lost.
- 3 To know the Author of our frame Is our sublimest skill; True science is to read thy name, True life, to obey thy will.
- 4 For this I long, for this I pray,
 And, following on, pursue,
 Till visions of eternal day
 Fix and complete the view.

DODDRIDGE.

L. M.

God our Protector and Trust.

- 1 To thee, my God, to thee belong Incense of praise and hallowed song; To thee be all the glory given Of all my mercies under heaven.
- 2 From danger thou my frame hast kept, While waking, and what time I slept; Thou hast my every want supplied, And to my footsteps proved a guide.
- 3 When my departing hour shall come, And I must slumber in the tomb, O then, my God, this faint heart cheer, And far dispel the shades of fear;
- 4 And teach me in thy strength to tread The path which leads me to the dead, Assured, when earthly cares are o'er, To rest with thee forevermore.

WALKER.

175.

C. M.

- 1 Lond, teach us how to pray aright,
 With reverence and with fear:
 Though dust and ashes in thy sight,
 We may, we must, draw near.
- 2 Give deep humility; the sense Of godly sorrow give;

- A strong desiring confidence, To hear thy voice and live;—
- 3 Patience, to watch, and wait, and weep, Though mercy long delay; Courage, our fainting souls to keep, And trust thee, though thou slay.
- 4 Give these,—and then thy will be done;
 Thus, strengthened with all might,
 We, by thy Spirit and thy Son,
 Shall pray, and pray aright.

MONTGOMERY.

176.

C. M.

The Spirit's Influence invoked.

- 1 Great Father of each perfect gift! Behold thy children wait; With longing eyes, and lifted hands, We flock around thy gate.
- O, shed abroad that choicest gift,—
 Thy Spirit from above,
 To bless our eyes with sacred light,
 And fire our hearts with love.
- 3 O, be thy sacred law fulfilled In every act and thought; Each angry passion far removed, Each selfish view forgot.

4 Blest earnest of eternal joy!
Declare our sins forgiven:
And bear, with energy divine,
Our raptured thoughts to heaven.

Dopperous

177.

C- M-

- 1 O ron a thousand tongues to sing My dear Redeemer's praise,— The glories of my God and King, The triumphs of his grace!
- My gracious Master and my God,
 Assist me to proclaim,
 To spread through all the earth abroad
 The honors of thy name.
- Jesus! the name that calms our fears,
 That bids our sorrows cease;
 T is music in the sinner's ears;
 T is life, and health, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the power of reigning sin;
 He sets the prisoner free;
 His blood can make the foulest clean;
 His blood availed for me.

C. WESLET.

178.

7 s. M.

Prayer for Guidance.

1 Guide, O Lord, our youthful band Journeying toward the better land;

Foes we know are to be met, Snares our daily path beset; Clouds upon the valley rest, Rough and dark the mountain's breast; And our home may not be gained, Save through trials well sustained.

- 2 Guide us, while we onward move
 Bound by bonds of mutual love,
 Striving for the holy mind,
 And the soul from sense refined;
 That when life no longer burns,
 And the dust to dust returns,
 With the strength which thou hast given
 We may rise to thee and heaven.
- 3 God of love! on thee we all
 Humbly for thy guidance call;
 Save us from the evil tongue,
 From the heart that thinketh wrong,
 From the sins, whate'er they be,
 That divide the soul from thee.
 God of grace! on thee we rest;
 Bless us, and we shall be blest.

Anon.

179.

C. M.

Thy Will be done.

1 Searcher of Hearts! from mine erase
All thoughts that should not be,
And in its deep recesses trace
My gratitude to thee!

- 2 Hearer of Prayer! O, guide aright Each word and deed of mine; Life's battle teach me how to fight, And be the victory thine.
- 3 Giver of All! for every good In the Redeemer came, -For raiment, shelter, and for food, I thank thee in his name.
- 4 Father and Son and Holy Ghost! Thou glorious Three in One! Thou knowest best what I need most, And let thy will be done.

G. P. Morris.

180.

7 & 6 s. M.

The Witness.

- 1 SAVIOUR, I thy word believe, My unbelief remove; Now thy quickening Spirit give, The unction from above: Show me, Lord, how good thou art; With thy love my spirit fill, Send the witness to my heart, The Holy Ghost reveal.
- 2 Blessed Comforter, come down, And live and move in me; Make my every deed thine own, In all things led by thee:

13

Bid my every sin depart,
And with me vouchsafe to dwell;
Faithful Witness, in my heart
Thy perfect light reveal.

3 Whom the world cannot receive,
O Lord, reveal in me;
Son of God, I cease to live,
Unless I live to thee:
Make me choose the better part;
O, do thou my pardon seal;
Send the witness to my heart,
The Holy Ghost reveal.

TOPLADY.

181.

L. M.

The Teachings of the Spirit invoked.

- Come, blessed Spirit, Source of light,
 Whose power and grace are unconfined,
 Dispel the gloomy shades of night,
 The thicker darkness of the mind.
- 2 To mine illumined eyes display The glorious truth thy word reveals; Cause me to run the heavenly way; The book unfold, unloose the seals.
- 3 Thine inward teachings make me know The mysteries of redeeming love, The emptiness of things below, The excellence of things above.

4 While through this dubious maze I stray,
Spread, like the sun, thy beams abroad,
To show the dangers of the way,
And guide my feeble steps to God.

Beddome.

182. L. M. 61.

For the Influences of the Spirit.

- 1 I want the spirit of power within, Of love, and of a healthful mind; Of power to conquer every sin, Of love to God and all mankind; Of health that pain and death defies, Most vigorous when the body dies.
- 2 O, that the Comforter would come, Nor visit as a transient guest, But fix in me his constant home, And keep possession of my breast; And make my soul his loved abode, The temple of indwelling God!

C. WESLEY.

183. C. M.

God's Blessing Essential.

SHINE on our souls, eternal God, With rays of beauty shine;
O, let thy favor crown our days, And all their round be thine.

- 2 Did we not raise our hands to thee, Our hands might toil in vain; Small joy success itself could give, If thou thy love restrain.
- 3 With thee let every week begin,
 With thee each day be spent,
 For thee each fleeting hour improved,
 Since each by thee is lent.
- 4 Thus cheer us through this toilsome road,
 Till all our labors cease,
 And heaven refresh our weary souls
 With everlasting peace.

DODDRIDGE.

184.

7 s. M.

Prayer for a Christian Temper.

- I God of truth, and God of love!
 Send thy Spirit from above!
 Teach us so to speak and hear
 That thy glory may appear,—
 That in us the world may find
 All our Master's gentle mind;
 Thus our fellowship approve,
 God of truth, and God of love!
- 2 God of truth, and God of love! O'er our wayward tempers move; Touch them with celestial fire, Holy love and zeal inspire:

While we feel the sacred glow, Lay each evil passion low; Frame us for the world above, God of truth, and God of love!

VESTRY HYMNS.

185.

C. M.

Seeking Strength for Duty.

- 1 Jehovah! by thy covenant
 With all thy people made,
 We come to ask thee that our hearts
 Upon thy truth be stayed.
- 2 Ere entering on the battle-field, In struggle stern, of life, We ask thee, for thy glory's sake, Be with us in the strife.
- 3 Give us the force to will, to work,
 No suffering to shun,
 And by our efforts, Lord of Hosts,
 O, let thy will be done.
- 4 O, help us to be vigilant
 Lest foes should enter in,
 And teach our eyes to apprehend
 The first approach of sin.
- 5 Hold up our hands, confirm our hearts,
 Show all our duties clear;
 Permit not any single heart
 Either to sleep or fear.

 13 * 149

L. M.

God's Blessing invoked.

- 1 Great God! to thee our songs we raise, To thee pour forth our notes of praise; Hear thou our morning prayer, and deign To pardon sin, and cleanse its stain.
- 2 As yield deep shades to morning's light, As from the day-star flees the night, So to our souls, made dark by sin, Pour thine own holy radiance in.
- 3 'Thy Holy Spirit's beams impart To warm and purify the heart; Thou Fountain of our soul's true day, Make bright before us all our way.
- 4 Guide thou and govern all our mind, All our desires let chasteness bind; And make our adverse times to be But times of blessing ruled by thee.
- 5 With earnest cry we beg, this day, That thou wilt drive all sin away; So we, defended by thy power, Will praise thy name forevermore.

187.

L. M.

Divine Light and Guidance implored.

1 O Source of uncreated light, By whom the worlds were raised from night,

Come, visit every pious mind; Come, pour thy joys on human kind.

- 2 Plenteous in grace, descend from high, Rich in thy matchless energy; From sin and sorrow set us free, And make us temples worthy thee.
- 3 Cleanse and refine our earthly parts, Inflame and sanctify our hearts, Our frailties help, our vice control, Submit the senses to the soul.
- 4 Thrice holy Fount! thrice holy Fire!
 Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;
 Make us eternal truths receive,
 Aid us to live as we believe.
- 5 Chase from our path each noxious foe, And peace, the fruit of love, bestow; And, lest our feet should step astray, Protect and guide us in our way.

DRYDEN.

188.

C. M.

Youth invited to the Saviour.

- 1 YE hearts with youthful vigor warm, In smiling crowds draw near, And turn from every mortal charm, A Saviour's voice to hear.
- 2 The soul that longs to see his face
 Is sure his love to gain;
 And those that early seek his grace
 Shall never seek in vain.
- 3 What object, Lord, my soul should move, If once compared with thee? What beauty should command my love, Like what in Christ I see?
- 4 Away, ye false, delusive toys,
 Vain tempters of the mind!
 'T is here I fix my lasting choice;
 For here true bliss I find.

DODDRIDGE.

189.

L. M.

A Youth seeking Wisdom.

- I Ask not wealth, nor pomp, nor power,
 Nor fleeting pleasures of an hour:
 My soul aspires to nobler things
 Than all the pride and state of kings.
- 2 One thing I ask; Lord! wilt thou hear, And grant my soul a gift so dear? — Wisdom, descending from above, The sweetest token of thy love: —
- 3 Wisdom, betimes to know the Lord, To fear his name, and keep his word; To lead my feet in paths of truth, And guide and guard my wandering youth.
- 4 Then shouldst thou grant a length of days, My life shall still proclaim thy praise; Or early death my soul convey To realms of everlasting day.

HEGINBOTHAM.

190.

L. M.

Youthful Obedience.

1 In Israel's fane, by silent night, The lamp of God was burning bright; And there, by viewless angels kept, Samuel, the child, securely slept.

- 2 A voice unknown the stillness broke; "Samuel!" it called, and thrice it spoke; He rose; he asked whence came the word; From Eli? No,—it was the Lord.
- 3 Thus early called to serve his God, In paths of righteousness he trod; Prophetic visions fired his breast, And all the chosen tribes were blest.
- 4 Speak, Lord, and, from our earliest days, Incline our hearts to love thy ways; Thy wakening voice hath reached our ear,—Speak, Lord, to us; thy servants hear.

CAWOOD.

191. L. M.

- 1 Now, in the heat of youthful blood, Remember your Creator, God; Behold! the months come hastening on, When you shall say, "My joys are gone."
- 2 Behold! the aged sinner goes, Laden with guilt and heavy woes, Down to the regions of the dead, With endless curses on his head.
- 3 The dust returns to dust again;
 The soul, in agonies of pain,
 Ascends to God, not there to dwell, —
 But hears her doom, and sinks to hell.

4 Eternal King! I fear thy name;
Teach me to know how frail I am;
And when my soul must hence remove,
Give me a mansion in thy love.

WATTS.

192.

S. M.

The Young asking Divine Guidance.

- From earliest dawn of life,
 Thy goodness we have shared;
 And still we live to sing thy praise,
 By sovereign mercy spared.
- To learn and do thy will,
 O Lord, our hearts incline;
 And o'er the paths of future life
 Command thy light to shine.
- 3 While taught thy word of truth, May we that word receive; And when we hear of Jesus' name, In that blest name believe!
- 4 O, let us never tread
 The broad, destructive road,
 But trace these holy paths which lead
 To glory, and to God.

PRATT'S COLL.

C. M.

Religion important to the Young.

- 1 WHILE in the tender years of youth, In nature's smiling bloom, Ere age arrive, and, trembling, wait Its summons to the tomb; —
- Remember thy Creator, God;
 For him thy powers employ;
 Make him thy fear, thy love, thy hope,
 Thy portion, and thy joy.
- 3 He will in safety guide thy course O'er life's uncertain sea, And bring thee to that peaceful shore Where happy spirits be.

PRATT'S COLL.

194.

C. M.

The Pearl of Great Price.

- YE glittering toys of earth, adieu,
 A nobler choice be mine;

 A real prize attracts my view,—
 A treasure all divine.
- 2 Begone, unworthy of my cares, Ye flattering baits of sense; Inestimable worth appears, The pearl of price immense!

- 3 Should earth's vain treasures all depart,
 Of this dear gift possessed,
 I'd clasp it to my joyful heart,
 And be forever blest.
- 4 Dear Sovereign of my soul's desires, Thy love is bliss divine; Accept the praise that grace inspires, Since I can call thee mine.

STEELE.

195.

C. M.

Youth devoted to God.

- 1 YOUTH, when devoted to the Lord,
 Are pleasing in his eyes;
 A flower, though offered in the bud,
 Is no vain sacrifice.
- 2 'T is easier far if we begin To fear the Lord betimes; For sinners who grow old in sin Are hardened by their crimes.
- 3 It saves us from a thousand snares
 To mind religion young;
 Grace will preserve our following years
 And make our virtues strong.
- 4 To thee, Almighty God, to thee
 Our hearts we now resign:
 'T will please us to look back and see
 That our whole lives were thine.

14

S. M.

Seed-time.

- Sow in the morn thy seed,
 At eve hold not thy hand;
 To doubt and fear give thou no heed;
 Broadcast it o'er the land.
- 2 The good, the fruitful ground, Expect not here nor there; O'er hill and dale, by plots, 't is found Go forth, then, everywhere.
- 3 Thou know'st not which may thrive, The late or early sown; Grace keeps the precious germs alive, When and wherever strown.
- 4 Thou canst not toil in vain; Cold, heat, and moist, and dry, Shall foster and mature the grain, For garners in the sky.

MONTGOMERY.

197.

C. M.

Exhortations to a Holy Life.

1 Come, children, learn to fear the Lord; And that your days be long, Let not a false or spiteful word Be found upon your tongue.

- 2 Depart from mischief, practise love, Pursue the work of peace; So shall the Lord your ways approve, And set your souls at ease.
- 3 Come now, while young, and taste his love; Come learn his pleasant ways, And let your own experience prove The sweetness of his grace.
- 4 He bids his angels pitch their tents Round where his children dwell; What ill their heavenly care prevents, No earthly tongue can tell.
- 5 Then make the Lord your constant trust, His word obey with love; That you may dwell among the just, In his bright courts above.

WATTS.

198.

C. M.

Seeking God early.

- 1 Early, my God! without delay, I haste to seek thy face; My thirsty spirit faints away, Without thy cheering grace.
- So pilgrims on the scorching sand, Beneath a burning sky,
 Long for a cooling stream at hand.
 And they must drink or die.

- 3 I've seen thy glory and thy power
 Through all thy temple shine;
 My God! repeat that heavenly hour,
 That vision so divine.
- 4 Not life itself, with all its joys, Can my best passions move; Or raise so high my cheerful voice, As thy forgiving love.
- 5 Thus, till my last, expiring day, I'll bless my God and King; Thus will I lift my hands to pray, And tune my lips to sing.

WATTS:

199.

8 & 7 s. M.

Christ the Friend of Sinners.

- 1 One there is, above all others
 Well deserves the name of Friend;
 His is love beyond a brother's,
 Costly, free, and knows no end.
- 2 Which of all our friends, to save us, Could or would have shed his blood? But this Saviour died to have us Reconciled in him to God.
- 3 When he lived on earth abased, Friend of sinners was his name; Now above all glory raised, He rejoices in the same.

4 O, for grace our hearts to soften;
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas! forget too often,
What a Friend we have above.

NEWTON.

200.

S. M.

- Wiffi humble heart and tongue, My God, to thee I pray:
 O, bring me now, while I am young, To thee, the living way.
- 2 Make an unguarded youth The object of thy care; Help me to choose the way of truth, And fly from every snare.
- 3 My heart, to folly prone, Renew by power divine; Unite it to thyself alone, And make me wholly thine.
- O, let thy word of grace
 My warmest thoughts employ;
 Be this, through all my following days,
 My treasure and my joy.
- 5 To what thy laws impart
 Be my whole soul inclined;
 Come, Saviour, dwell within my heart,
 And sanctify my mind.

FAWCETT.

14 *

S. M.

Gratitude to God.

- My Maker and my King!
 To thee my all I owe;

 Thy sovereign bounty is the spring Whence all my blessings flow.
- Thou, ever good and kind!
 A thousand reasons move,
 A thousand obligations bind
 My heart to grateful love.
- 3 Thy goodness, like the sun, Dawned on my early days, Ere infant reason had begun To form my lips to praise.
- 4 The creature of thine hand,
 On thee alone I live;
 My God! thy benefits demand
 More praise than life can give.
- O, let thy grace inspire
 My soul with strength divine;
 Let all my powers to thee aspire,
 And all my days be thine.

STEELE.

202.

L. M.

Living to Christ.

1 My gracious Lord, I own thy right To every service I can pay,

And call it my supreme delight To hear thy dictates and obey.

- 2 What is my being, but for thee, Its sure support, its noblest end? 'T is my delight thy face to see, And serve the cause of such a friend.
- 3 I would not breathe for worldly joy, Or to increase my worldly good; Nor future days nor powers employ To spread a sounding name abroad.
- 4 'T is to my Saviour I would live;
 To him, who for my ransom died;
 Nor could all worldly honor give
 Such bliss as crowns me at his side.
- 5 His work my hoary age shall bless,
 When youthful vigor is no more;
 And my last hour of life confess
 His saving love, his glorious power.

DODDRIDGE.

203.

7 s. M.

All must Pray.

- 1 Child, amidst the flowers at play, While the red light fades away; Mother, with thine earnest eye, Ever following silently;
- 2 Father, by the breeze of eve Called thy daily toil to leave;

Pray! ere yet the dark hours be, Lift the heart, and bend the knee!

- 3 Traveller in the stranger's land, Far from thine own household band; Mourner, haunted by the tone Of a voice from this world gone;
- 4 Captive, in whose narrow cell Sunshine hath not leave to dwell; Sailor, on the darkening sea, Lift the heart, and bend the knee!
- 5 Ye that triumph, ye that sigh, Kindred by one holy tie, Heaven's first star alike ye see; Lift the heart, and bend the knee!

204.

C. M.
Youthful Praise.

- 1 Great God, in whom we live and move, Accept our feeble praise, For all the mercy, grace, and love Which crown our youthful days.
- 2 For countless mercies, love unknown, Lord, what can we impart? Thou dost require one gift alone,— The offering of the heart.

3 Incline us, Lord, to give it thee;
Preserve us by thy grace,
Till death shall bring us all to see
Thy glory, face to face.

205.

L. M.

Usefulness.

- 1 How many ways the young may find To be of use, if so inclined! How many services perform, If love is earnest, constant, warm!
- 2 A life that's spent for self alone Can never be a useful one; The good will ever scorn to be Inactive in society.
- 3 However trifling what we do, If a good purpose be in view, Although we should not have success, Our motive God will see and bless.

206.

C. M.

The Good only Happy.

 HAPPY the children of the Lord, Who, walking in his sight,
 Make all the precepts of his word Their study and delight.

- 2 That precious wealth shall be their dower, Which cannot know decay; Which moth nor rust doth ne'er devour, Nor spoiler take away.
- 3 For them that heavenly light shall spread,
 Whose cheering rays illume
 The darkest hours of life, and shed
 A halo round the tomb.
- 4 Their works of piety and love,
 Performed through Christ their Lord,
 Forever registered above,
 Shall meet a sure reward.

207.

C. M.

Early Religion.

- 1 By cool Siloam's shady rill
 How fair the lily grows!
 How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,
 Of Sharon's dewy rose!
- 2 Lo! such the child whose early feet The paths of peace have trod, Whose secret heart, with influence sweet, Is upward drawn to God.
- 3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
 The lily must decay;
 The rose, that blooms beneath the hill,
 Must shortly fade away.

- 4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour Of man's maturer age Will shake the soul with sorrow's power And stormy passion's rage.
- 5 O Thou who givest life and breath, We seek thy grace alone, In childhood, manhood, age, and death, To keep us still thine own.

HEBER.

208.

L. M.

Bearing the Cross.

- 1 Take up thy cross, the Saviour said, If thou wouldst my disciple be: Take up thy cross with willing heart, And humbly follow after me.
- 2 Take up thy cross, let not its weight Fill thy weak spirit with alarm; His strength shall bear thy spirit up, And brace thy heart, and nerve thy arm.
- 3 Take up thy cross, nor heed the shame, And let thy foolish pride be still; Thy Lord refused not e'en to die Upon a cross on Calvary's hill.
- 4 Take up thy cross, then, in his strength, And calmly sin's wild deluge brave; 'T will guide thee to a better home; It points to glory o'er the grave.

5 Take up thy cross and follow me,
Nor think till death to lay it down;
For only he who bears the cross
May hope to win the glorious crown.

CH. LYRICS.

209.

L. M.

Blessings attendant upon Early Piety.

- 1 CHILDREN! in years and knowledge young, Your parents' hope, your parents' joy, — Attend the counsels of my tongue; Let pious thoughts your minds employ.
- 2 If you desire a length of days, And peace to crown your mortal state, Restrain your feet from sinful ways, Your lips from falsehood and deceit.
- 3 From error's devious road depart;
 From bad companions haste to flee;
 And hidden deep within the heart
 Let God's commandments ever be.
- 4 In joy to him your ways commit; In grief and woe make him your stay; And he will safely lead your feet Through life's dark path, to endless day.

WATTS.

210.

C. M.

Advantages of Early Religion.

- 1 Happy the child whose tender years
 Receive instruction well;
 Who hates the sinner's path, and fears
 The road that leads to hell.
- When we devote our youth to God,
 'T is pleasing in his eyes;
 A flower when offered in the bud
 Is no vain sacrifice.
- 3 'T will save us from a thousand snares
 To mind religion young;
 Grace will preserve our following years,
 And make our virtue strong.
- 4 To thee, almighty God! to thee
 Our childhood we resign:
 'T will please us to look back and see
 That our whole lives were thine.
- 5 Let the sweet work of prayer and praise Employ our youngest breath:
 Thus, we're prepared for longer days,
 Or fit for early death.

WATTS.

211.

C. M.

God to be sought in Youth.

1 In life's gay morn, when sprightly youth With vital ardor glows,

15

- And shines in all the fairest charms
 That beauty can disclose;—
- 2 Deep in thy soul, before its powers
 Are yet by vice enslaved,
 Be thy Creator's glorious name
 And character engraved;—
- 3 Ere yet the shades of sorrow cloud
 The sunshine of thy days,
 And cares and toils, in endless round,
 Encompass all thy ways;—
- 4 Ere yet thy heart the woes of age,
 With vain regret, deplore,
 And sadly muse on former joys,
 That now return no more.
- 5 True wisdom, early sought and gained,
 In age will give thee rest;
 O, then, improve the morn of life,
 To make its evening blest.

EPIS. COLL.

212.

C. M.

Christ to be our Example.

1 When Jesus left the throne of God, He chose an humble birth;
A man of grief, like us, he trod
A lonely path on earth.

- 2 Like him, may we be found below, In wisdom's paths of peace; Like him, in grace and knowledge grow, As years and strength increase.
- 3 Sweet were his words, and kind his look, When mothers round him pressed; Their infants in his arms he took, And on his bosom blessed.
- 4 Safe from the world's alluring harms,
 Beneath his watchful eye,
 O, thus encircled in his arms,
 May we forever lie.

 MONTGOMERY.

213. · C. M.

Youthful Piety.

- 1 In the soft season of thy youth,
 In nature's smiling bloom,
 Ere age arrive, and trembling wait
 Its summons to the tomb;
- 2 Remember thy Creator, God; For him thy powers employ; Make him thy fear, thy love, thy hope, Thy confidence, thy joy.
- 3 He shall defend and guide thy course Through life's uncertain sea, Till thou art landed on the shore Of blessed eternity.

4 Then seek the Lord betimes, and choose The path of heavenly truth: The earth affords no lovelier sight Than a religious youth. GIBBONS.

214.

S. M.

Encouragement to do Good.

- CHILDREN of Christ, arise, And gird you for the toil; The dew of promise from the skies Already cheers the soil.
- Go where the sick recline, Where mourning hearts deplore; And where the sons of penury pine, Dispense your hallowed lore.
- Urge, with a tender zeal, The erring child along, Where peaceful congregations kneel, And pious teachers throng.
- Be faith, which looks above, With prayer, your constant guest; And wrap the Saviour's changeless love A mantle round your breast.
- So shall you share the wealth That earth may ne'er despoil, And the blest gospel's saving health Repay your arduous toil.

SIGOURNEY.

215.

C. M.

Providence.

- 1 Through all the years of childhood's prime, Changes on changes roll; Each brings its varied scenes of bliss Or sorrow to the soul:
- In infant joys and infant griefs
 A little life we live;
 A miniature of all the scenes
 That future years shall give.
- 3 But not a scene of life comes on, —
 Of gladness or of tears, —
 Where not the hand of him that rules
 Our mortal state, appears.
- 4 We would not wish to alter aught
 That wisdom hath designed
 To train for everlasting bliss
 The wandering, wayward mind.
- 5 And if we love him as we ought,
 Through life he 'll be our guide;
 And take us with him, when life's o'er,
 Forever to abide.

S. F. SMITH.

216.

7 s. M.

Youth invited to Christ.

1 CHILDREN! listen to the Lord, And obey his gracious word; 15 * 173

Seek his face with heart and mind, — Early seek, and you shall find.

- 2 Let his love your heart inflame: Be his praise your highest aim; Keep his fear before your sight; Be his smile your chief delight.
- 3 Serve the Lord with perfect heart; Never from his ways depart; Glorify the King of kings, Take the peace the gospel brings.
- 4 Turn to Christ your longing eyes, View this bleeding sacrifice; See, in him, your sins forgiven, Pardon, holiness, and heaven.

HASTINGS.

217.

C. M.

Early Piety.

- 1 How happy is the child who hears Instruction's warning voice; And who celestial wisdom makes His early, only choice.
- 2 Wisdom has treasures greater far Than east or west unfold; And her rewards more precious are Than is the gain of gold.
- 3 She guides the young with innocence In pleasure's paths to tread;

A crown of glory she bestows Upon the hoary head.

4 According as her labors rise,
So her rewards increase;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

LOGAN.

218.

11 & 9 s. M.

Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.

1 I THINK, when I read that sweet story of old, When Jesus was here among men.

How he called little children as lambs to his fold, I should like to have been with them then.

I wish that his hands had been placed on my head,

That his arm had been thrown around me;

And that I might have seen his kind look when
he said,

"Let the little ones come unto me."

2 Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may go, And ask for a share in his love;
And if I thus earnestly seek him below, I shall see him and hear him above, —
In that heavenly place he is gone to prepare For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering there, "For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

THOMPSON.

219.

C. M.

The Saviour the Great Object of Desire.

- My Saviour, let me hear thy voice Pronounce the word of peace;
 And all my warmest powers shall join To celebrate thy grace.
- 2 With gentle voice, call me thy child, And speak my sins forgiven; The accents mild shall charm mine ear Like all the harps of heaven.
- 3 Cheerful, where'er thy hand shall lead, The darkest path I'll tread; Cheerful I'll quit these mortal shores, And mingle with the dead.
- 4 When dreadful guilt is done away,
 No other fears we know;
 That hand which seals our pardon sure,
 Shall crowns of life bestow.

DODDRIDGE.

220.

C. M.

Increasing Love to Christ desired.

- 1 Thou lovely source of true delight,
 Whom I unseen adore;
 Unvail thy beauties to my sight,
 That I may love thee more.
- 2 Thy glory o'er creation shines; But in thy sacred word I read, in fairer, brighter lines, My bleeding, dying Lord.
- 3 'T is here, whene'er my comforts droop, And sins and sorrows rise, — Thy love, with cheering beams of hope, My fainting heart supplies.
- 4 But ah! too soon the pleasing scene
 Is clouded o'er with pain;
 My gloomy fears rise dark between,
 And I again complain.
- 5 Jesus, my Lord, my Life, my Light, O, come with blissful ray; Break through the gloomy shades of night And chase my fears away.
- 6 Then shall my soul with rapture trace
 The wonders of thy love;
 Then I shall see thy glorious face
 In endless joy above.

STEELE.

221.

C. Dr.

- 1 I'm not ashamed to own my Lord, Or to defend his cause: Maintain the honor of his word. The glory of his cross.
- 2 Jesus, my God! I know his name, -His name is all my trust; Nor will he put my soul to shame, Nor let my hope be lost.
- 3 Firm as his throne, his promise stands. And he can well secure What I've committed to his hands. Till the decisive hour.
- 4 Then will he own my worthless name, Before his Father's face, And in the new Jerusalem Appoint my soul a place.

WATTS.

222.

C. M.

Christ the Way, the Truth, and the Life.

1 Thou art the WAY, — to thee alone From sin and death we flee; And he who would the Father seek, Must seek him, Lord, by thee.

- 2 Thou art the TRUTH, thy word alone True wisdom can impart; Thou only canst inform the mind And purify the heart.
- 3 Thou art the LIFE, the rending tomb Proclaims thy conquering arm, And those who put their trust in thee Nor death, nor hell shall harm.
- 4 Thou art the way,—the truth,—the LIFE;
 Grant us that way to know,
 That TRUTH to keep, that LIFE to win,
 Whose joys eternal flow.

 Doane.

223.

6 & 4 s. M.

- 1 My faith looks up to thee,
 Thou Lamb of Calvary,
 Saviour Divine!
 Lord, hear me while I pray;
 "Take all my guilt away!"
 O, let me from this day
 Be wholly thine!
- 2 May thy rich grace impart
 Strength to my fainting heart,
 My zeal inspire;
 As thou hast died for me,
 O, may my love to thee
 Pure, warm, and changeless be, —
 A living fire.

- 3 While life's dark maze I tread,
 And griefs around me spread,
 Be thou my guide;
 Bid darkness turn to day,
 Wipe sorrow's tears away,
 Nor let me ever stray
 From thee aside.
- 4 When ends life's transient dream,
 When death's cold, sullen stream
 Shall o'er me roll,
 Blest Saviour, then, in love,
 Fear and distrust remove;
 O, bear me safe above,—
 A ransomed soul.

224. C. M.

- 1 Jesus, the name high over all, In hell, or earth, or sky, — Angels and men before it fall, And devils fear and fly.
- 2 Jesus, the name to sinners dear, The name to sinners given, — It scatters all their guilt and fear; It turns their hell to heaven.
- 3 O, that a dying world might know The glory of his name; My voice shall his salvation show, And cry, "Behold the Lamb!"

4 Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp his name;
Proclaim his love, and cry in death,—
"Behold, behold the Lamb!"

C. WESLEY.

225.

L. M.

The Redeeming Power of Love.

- 1 What precept, Jesus, is like thine, Forgive, as ye would be forgiven! In this we see the power divine, Which shall transform our earth to heaven.
- 2 'T is not the harsh and scornful word That victory over sin can gain, 'T is not the prison, or the sword, The shackle, or the weary chain.
- 3 But from our spirits there must flow
 A love that will the wrong outweigh;
 Our lips must only blessings know,
 And wrath and sin shall die away.
- 4 'T was heaven that formed the holy plan
 To win the wanderer back by love;
 Thus let us save our brother, man,
 And imitate our God above.

MRS. LIVERMORE.

226.

L. M.

1 Jesus! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee?
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days?

16

- 2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far Let evening blush to own a star; He sheds the beams of light divine O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend On whom my hopes of heaven depend! No; when I blush, be this my shame, That I no more revere his name.
- 4 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may, When I've no guilt to wash away; No tear to wipe, no good to crave, No fears to quell, no soul to save.
- 5 Till then, nor is my boasting vain, Till then I boast a Saviour slain! And O, may this my glory be, That Christ is not ashamed of me!

227. L. M.

The Voice of Mercy.

- 1 I HEAR a voice that comes from far; From Calvary it sounds abroad; It soothes my soul, and calms my fear; It speaks of pardon bought with blood.
- 2 And is it true, that many fly
 The sound that bids my soul rejoice;
 And rather choose in sin to die,
 Than turn an ear to mercy's voice!

- 3 Alas for those! the day is near, When mercy will be heard no more; Then will they ask in vain to hear The voice they would not hear before.
- 4 With such, I own, I once appeared, But now I know how great their loss; For sweeter sounds were never heard, Than mercy utters from the cross.
- 5 But let me not forget to own,
 That if I differ aught from those,
 'T is due to sovereign grace alone,
 That oft selects its proudest foes.

228.

C. M.

Christ's Reign to be Universal.

- 1 Jesus, immortal King, arise!
 Assert thy rightful sway,
 Till earth, subdued, its tribute bring,
 And distant lands obey.
- 2 Ride forth, victorious Conqueror, ride, Till all thy foes submit, And all the powers of hell resign Their trophies at thy feet!
- 3 Send forth thy word, and let it fly
 The spacious earth around;
 Till every soul beneath the sun
 Shall hear the joyful sound!

4 From sea to sea, from shore to shore, May Jesus be adored; And earth, with all her millions, shout Hosanna to the Lord!

CH. PSALMODY.

229.

L. M.

The Saviour ever present.

- 1 Jesus, where in thy name we meet, There we behold thy mercy-seat; Where'er we seek thee, thou art found, And every place is hallowed ground.
- 2 For thou, within no walls confined, Inhabitest the humble mind; Such ever bring thee where they come, And going, take thee to their home.
- 3 Dear Shepherd of thy chosen few! Thy former mercies here renew; Here to our waiting hearts proclaim The sweetness of thy saving name.
- 4 Here may we prove the power of prayer To strengthen faith and sweeten care; To teach our faint desires to rise, And bring all heaven before our eyes.
- 5 Lord, we are few, but thou art near; Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear; O, hear our prayer before thy throne, And make our waiting hearts thine own.

COWPER.

230.

8 & 7 s. M.

God the Creator.

- 1 MIGHTY God! while angels bless thee, May an infant lisp thy name! Lord of men, as well as angels, Thou art every creature's theme.
- 2 Lord of every land and nation, Ancient of eternal days! Sounded through the wide creation Be thy just and lawful praise;
- 3 For the grandeur of thy nature, Grand beyond the seraph's thought; For created works of power, -Works with skill and kindness wrought;
- 4 For thy providence, that governs Through thine empire's wide domain, Wings an angel, guides a sparrow; — Blessed be thy gentle reign.

ROBINSON.

231.

P. M.

No war nor battle's sound Was heard the world around; No hostile chiefs to furious combat ran; But peaceful was the night, In which the Prince of light His reign of peace upon the earth began.

16 *

No conqueror's sword he bore,
Nor warlike armor wore,
Nor haughty passions roused to contest wild;
In peace and love he came,
And gentle was the reign
Which o'er the earth he spread by influence mild.

3 Unwilling kings obeyed,
And sheathed the battle blade,
And called their bloody legions from the field.
In silent awe they wait,
And close the warriors' gate,
Nor know to whom their homage thus they yield.

4 The peaceful conqueror goes,
And triumphs o'er his foes,
His weapons drawn from armories above;
Behold the vanquished sit
Submissive at his feet,
And strife and hate are changed to peace and love.
H. G. O. DWIGHT.

232. C. M.

- 1 Am I a soldier of the cross?
 A follower of the Lamb?
 And shall I fear to own his cause,
 Or blush to speak his name?
- 2 Must I be carried to the skies On flowery beds of ease? While others fought to win the prize, And sailed through bloody seas?

- 3 Are there no foes for me to face?

 Must I not stem the flood?

 Is this vile world a friend to grace,
 To help me on to God?
- 4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
 Increase my courage, Lord;
 I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
 Supported by thy word.
- 5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war, Shall conquer, though they die; They view the triumph from afar, And seize it with their eye.
- 6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
 And all thy armies shine
 In robes of victory through the skies,
 The glory shall be thine.

WATTS.

233.

S. M.

The Throne of Grace.

- 1 Behold the throne of grace! The promise calls me near; There Jesus shows a smiling face, And waits to answer prayer.
- 2 Thine image, Lord, bestow, Thy presence and thy love; I ask to serve thee here below, And reign with thee above.

- 3 Teach me to live by faith; Conform my will to thine; Let me victorious be in death, And then in glory shine.
- 4 If thou these blessings give,
 And wilt my portion be,
 All worldly joys I'll cheerful leave,
 And find my heaven in thee.

NEWTON.

234.

L. M.

Christ a Pattern for his Followers.

- 1 My dear Redeemer, and my Lord, I read my duty in thy word; But in thy life the law appears Drawn out in living characters.
- 2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal, Such deference to thy Father's will, Such love, and meekness so divine, I would transcribe, and make them mine.
- 3 Cold mountains and the midnight air Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer: The desert thy temptations knew, Thy conflict, and thy victory too.
- 4 Be thou my pattern; make me bear More of thy gracious image here; Then God, the Judge, shall own my name Among the followers of the Lamb.

WATTS.

235.

L. M.

Christ's Kingdom.

- 1 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun Does his successive journeys run; His kingdom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 For him shall endless prayer be made, And praises throng to crown his head; His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise With every morning sacrifice.
- 3 People and realms of every tongue Dwell on his love with sweetest song; And infant voices shall proclaim Their early blessings on his name.
- 4 Let every creature rise and bring Peculiar honors to our King; Angels descend with songs again, And earth repeat the loud amen!

WATTS.

236.

L. M.

Extent of Christ's Love.

1 Jesus, thy boundless love to me
No thought can reach, no tongue declare;
Unite my thankful heart to thee,
And reign without a rival there.

- 2 Thy love, how cheering is its ray!
 All pain before its presence flies;
 Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away
 Where'er its healing beams arise.
- 3 O, let thy love my soul inflame, And to thy service sweetly bind;
 Transfuse it through my inmost frame,
 And mould me wholly to thy mind.
- 4 Thy love, in sufferings, be my peace;
 Thy love, in weakness, make me strong;
 And, when the storms of life shall cease,
 Thy love shall be in heaven my song.

 C. Wesley.

237.

8 & 7 s. M.

Christ's Exaltation.

- 1 Jesus! hail! enthroned in glory,
 There forever to abide;
 All the heavenly host adore thee,
 Seated at thy Father's side.
- 2 There for sinners thou art pleading, There thou dost our place prepare; Ever for us interceding, Till in glory we appear.
- 3 Worship, honor, power, and blessing,
 Thou art worthy to receive:
 Loudest praises, without ceasing,
 Meet it is for us to give.

4 Help, ye bright, angelic spirits!
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits,—
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

238.

S. M.

Christ's Love celebrated.

- 1 AWAKE, and sing the song
 Of Moses and the Lamb!
 Wake, every heart and every tongue
 To praise the Saviour's name!
- 2 Sing of his dying love, Sing of his rising power, — Sing how he intercedes above For us, whose sins he bore.
- 3 Sing, till we feel our heart
 Ascending with our tongue;
 Sing, till the love of sin depart,
 And grace inspire our song.
- 4 Soon shall we hear him say, "Ye blessed children, come!"
 Soon will he call us hence away
 To our eternal home.
- 5 There shall our raptured tongue His endless praise proclaim; And sweeter voices tune the song Of Moses and the Lamb!

HAMMOND.

239.

7 s. M.

Invitations of Jesus.

- Come! said Jesus' sacred voice,
 Come, and make my paths your choice:
 I will guide you to your home, —
 Weary pilgrim! hither come.
- 2 Thou hast long withstood his grace; Long provoked him to his face; Wouldst not hear his gracious calls; Grieved him by a thousand falls.
- 3 Yet how great his mercies are! Yet he still delights to spare; Yet he cries, "O, turn and live, I thy sins will still forgive."
- 4 O, then come, for here is found Balm for every bleeding wound, Peace, which ever shall endure, Rest, eternal, sacred, sure!

BARBAULD.

240.

C. M.

Christ crowned as Lord of All.

1 All hail, the great Immanuel's name!
 Let angels prostrate fall:
 Bring forth the royal diadem,
 And crown him Lord of all.

- 2 Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
 Who from his altar call;
 Praise him who shed for you his blood,
 And crown him Lord of all.
- Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
 A remnant weak and small.

 Hail him who saves you by his grace,
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 4 Ye gentile sinners, ne'er forget
 The wormwood and the gall;
 Go spread your trophies at his feet,
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
 On this terrestrial ball,
 To him all majesty ascribe,
 And erown him Lord of all.
- 6 O, that with yonder sacred throng
 We at his feet may fall,
 And join the everlasting song,
 And crown him Lord of all.

DUNCAN.

241.

L. M.

Prayer for Youth.

1 Great Saviour! who didst condescend Young children in thine arms to take, Still prove thyself the children's friend, And save them for thy mercy's sake.

17

- 2 While in the slippery paths of youth, Be thou their guardian, thou their guide; That they, directed by thy truth, May never from thy precepts slide.
- 3 To read thy word their hearts incline;
 To understand it, light impart:
 O Saviour! let their all be thine!
 Take full possession of each heart.

PRATT'S COLL.

242.

7 s. M.

A Child-like Spirit implored.

- 1 Quiet, Lord! my froward heart;
 Make me teachable and mild,
 Upright, simple, free from art;
 Make me as a weaned child;
 From distrust and envy free,
 Pleased with all that pleases thee.
- 2 What thou shalt to-day provide,
 Let me as a child receive;
 What to-morrow may betide,
 Calmly to thy wisdom leave:
 "T is enough that thou wilt care;
 Why should I the burden bear?
- 3 As a little child relies
 On a care beyond his own,
 Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
 Fears to move one step alone;
 Let me thus with thee abide,
 As my Father, guard, and guide.

4 Thus preserved from Satan's wiles,
Safe from dangers, free from fears,
May I live upon thy smiles,
Till the promised hour appears,
When the sons of God shall prove
All their Father's boundless love.

NEWTON.

243.

8 & 7 s. M.

God's Guidance implored.

- 1 Gently, Lord, O gently lead us, Through this lonely vale of tears; Through the changes that await us, Till our last great change appears.
- 2 When temptation's darts assail us, When in devious paths we stray, Let thy goodness never fail us, Lead us in thy perfect way.
- 3 In the hour of pain and anguish,
 In the hour when death draws near,
 Suffer not our hearts to languish,
 Suffer not our souls to fear.
- 4 When our mortal life is ended, Bid us in thine arms to rest, Till, by angel bands attended, We awake among the blest.

HASTINGS.

244.

C. M.

- 1 Jesus, the very thought of thee
 With sweetness fills my breast;
 But sweeter far thy face to see,
 And in thy presence rest.
- 2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame, Nor can the memory find, A sweeter sound than thy blest name, O Saviour of mankind!
- 3 O hope of every contrite heart!
 O joy of all the meek!
 To those who fall, how kind thou art!
 How good to those who seek!
- 4 But what to those who find? Ah! this
 Nor tongue nor pen can show,
 The love of Jesus, what it is,
 None but his loved ones know.
- 5 Jesus, our only joy be thou,
 As thou our prize wilt be;
 Jesus, be thou our glory now,
 And through eternity.

ST. BERNARD.

245.

L. M.

Example of Christ.

1 And is the gospel peace and love? Such let our conversation be;

The serpent blended with the dove, Wisdom and meek simplicity.

- 2 Whene'er the angry passions rise, And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife, On Jesus let us fix our eyes, Bright pattern of the Christian life.
- 3 O, how benevolent and kind!
 How mild! how ready to forgive!
 Be his the temper of our mind,
 And his the rules by which we live.
- 4 To do his Heavenly Father's will
 Was his employment and delight:
 Humility and holy zeal
 Shone through his life divinely bright.
- 5 Dispensing good where'er he came, The labors of his life were love: Then, if we love the Saviour's name, By his example let us move.

STEELE.

246.

S. M.

Christ the Light of the World.

- 1 Behold, the Prince of Peace, The chosen of the Lord, God's well-beloved Son, fulfils The sure, prophetic word.
- 2 No royal pomp adorns This King of Righteousness;

But meekness, patience, truth, and love, Compose his princely dress.

- The Spirit of the Lord,
 In rich abundance shed,
 On this great Prophet gently lights,
 And rests upon his head.
- 4 He is the Light of men;
 His doctrine life imparts;
 O, may we feel its quickening power
 To warm and cheer our hearts.

NEEDHAM.

247.

S. M.

God as seen in his Works and Word.

- Behold the morning sun Begins his glorious way,
 His beams through all the nations run,
 And life and light convey.
- 2 But where the gospel comes,It spreads diviner light;It calls dead sinners from their tombs,And gives the blind their sight.
- 3 How perfect is thy word!
 And all thy judgments just!
 Forever sure thy promise, Lord,
 And we securely trust.

CHRIST THE SAVIOUR OF SINNERS.

4 My gracious God, how plain Are thy directions given!O, may I never read in vain, But find the path to heaven.

WATTS.

248.

7 s. M.

Christ our Strength.

- 1 FEEBLE, helpless, how shall I Learn to live and learn to die? Who, O God, my guide shall be? Who shall lead thy child to thee?
- 2 Blessed Father, gracious One, Thou hast sent thy holy Son; He will give the light I need, He my trembling steps will lead.
- 3 Through this world, uncertain, dim, Let me ever learn of him; From his precepts wisdom draw, Make his life my solemn law.
- 4 Thus in deed, and thought, and word, Led by Jesus Christ the Lord, In my weakness, thus shall I Learn to live and learn to die:
- Learn to live in peace and love,
 Like the perfect ones above;
 Learn to die without a fear,
 Feeling thee, my Father, near.

FURNESS.

249.

L. M.

" Come to Me."

- 1 With tearful eyes I look around; Life seems a dark and stormy sea; Yet, 'mid the gloom, I hear a sound, A heavenly whisper, "Come to me."
- 2 It tells me of a place of rest;It tells me where my soul may flee:O, to the weary, faint, oppressed,How sweet the bidding, "Come to me!"
- 3 "Come, for all else must fail and die; Earth is no resting-place for thee; To heaven direct thy weeping eye, I am thy portion; come to me."
- 4 O, voice of mercy! voice of love!
 In conflict, grief, and agony,
 Support me, cheer me from above!
 And gently whisper, "Come to me."

250.

S. M.

Blessedness of the Gospel Ministry.

1 How beauteous are their feet, Who stand on Sion's hill, Who bring salvation on their tongues, And words of peace reveal!

CHRIST THE SAVIOUR OF SINNERS.

- 2 How charming is their voice! How sweet their tidings are! "Sion, behold thy Saviour King, He reigns and triumphs here."
- 3 How happy are our ears
 That hear this joyful sound,
 Which kings and prophets waited for,
 And sought, but never found!
- 4 How blessed are our eyes,
 That see this heavenly light!
 Prophets and kings desired it long,
 But died without the sight.
- 5 The watchmen join their voice, And tuneful notes employ; Jerusalem breaks forth in songs, And deserts learn the joy.
- 6 The Lord makes bare his arm Through all the earth abroad; Let every nation now behold Their Saviour, and their God.

WATTS.

251.

H. M.

Safety in God.

- 1 UPWARD I lift mine eyes,
 From God is all my aid;
 The God who built the skies,
 And earth and nature made:
 God is the tower to which I fly;
 His grace is nigh in every hour.
- 2 My feet shall never slide, And fall in fatal snares, Since God, my guard and guide, Defends me from my fears: Those wakeful eyes that never sleep, Shall safely keep when dangers rise.
- 3 No burning heats by day,
 Nor blasts of evening air,
 Shall take my health away,
 If God be with me there:
 Thou art my son, and thou my shade,
 To guard my head by night or noon.

4 Hast thou not given thy word
To save my soul from death?
And I can trust my Lord
To keep my mortal breath:
I'll go and come, nor fear to die,
Till from on high thou call me home.

WATTS.

252.

L. M.

God our Shepherd.

- 1 My shepherd is the living Lord;
 Now shall my wants be well supplied:
 His providence and holy word
 Become my safety and my guide.
- 2 In pastures where salvation grows, He makes me feed, he makes me rest; There living water gently flows, And all the food 's divinely blest.
- 3 My wandering feet his ways mistake; But he restores my soul to peace, And leads me, for his mercy's sake, In the fair paths of righteousness.
- 4 Though I walk through the gloomy vale,
 Where death and all his terrors are;
 My heart and hope shall never fail,
 For God, my shepherd's with me there.

WATTS.

253.

L. M.

The Heavenly Race.

- 1 Awake, our souls! away, our fears!
 Let every trembling thought be gone;
 Awake, and run the heavenly race,
 And put a cheerful courage on.
- 2 True, 't is a strait and thorny road, And mortal spirits tire and faint; But they forget the mighty God, Who feeds the strength of every saint.
- 3 From thee, the overflowing spring, Our souls shall drink a fresh supply; While such as trust their native strength Shall melt away, and droop, and die.
- 4 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
 We'll mount aloft to thine abode;
 On wings of love our souls shall fly,
 Nor tire amid the heavenly road.

WATTS.

254.

C. M.

Comfort in God.

It is the Lord, who gives me all,
 My health, my friends, my ease;
 And of his blessings may recall
 Whatever part he please.

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- 2 It is the Lord, who can sustain Beneath the heaviest load; From whom assistance I obtain To tread the thorny road.
- 3 It is the Lord, who changeth not In sickness or in health, Whether on earth my transient lot Be poverty or wealth.
- 4 And can my soul, with thoughts like these,
 Be downcast, or repine?
 No, gracious God, take what thou please,
 To thee I all resign!

255. 7 s. M.

Divine Protection.

- 1 THEY who on the Lord rely Safely dwell, though danger's nigh; Lo, his sheltering wings are spread O'er each faithful servant's head.
- 2 Vain temptation's wily snare: They shall be the Father's care; Harmless flies the shaft by day, Or in darkness wings its way.
- 3 When they wake, or when they sleep,
 Angel guards their vigils keep;
 Death and danger may be near,
 Faith and love can never fear.

18

256.

8 & 7 s. M.

Contend Earnestly for the Truth.

- 1 Christian soldier, heavenward pressing, Onward, let thy watchword be; God upon thee pours his blessing, What though man derideth thee!
- 2 God, for all thy wants providing, Armor trusty hath for thee; Gird thyself, in him confiding, With the goodly panoply.
- 3 Righteousness thy breast defending, And thy feet with justice shod; Onward, with the foe contending, Wield thy sword, the word of God.
- 4 Still the standard o'er thee streaming
 Be the banner pure of love,
 Where in glorious blazon beaming
 Floats thy pinions, Holy Dove.
- 5 Onward, then, with bold contending, In the path the martyrs trod: God to thee his strength is lending, Onward, in the strength of God.

A. C. COXE.

257.

C. M.

Providence of God.

1 God moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform;

- He plants his footsteps in the sea, And rides upon the storm.
- Deep in unfathomable mines
 Of never-failing skill,
 He treasures up his bright designs,
 And works his sovereign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take; The clouds ye so much dread Are big with mercy, and shall break In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense, But trust him for his grace; Behind a frowning providence He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast, Unfolding every hour; The bud may have a bitter taste, But sweet will be the flower.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
 And scan his work in vain;
 God is his own interpreter,
 And he will make it plain.

COWPER.

258.

C. M.

1 O LORD! I would delight in thee, And on thy care depend;

To thee in every trouble flee, My best, my only Friend.

- 2 When all created streams are dried, Thy fulness is the same; May I with this be satisfied, And glory in thy name!
- 3 No good in creatures can be found But may be found in thee; I must have all things, and abound, While God is God to me.
- 4 O Lord! I cast my care on thee; I triumph and adore; Henceforth my great concern shall be To love and please thee more.

RYLAND.

259.

S. M.

The Good Shepherd.

- THE Lord my shepherd is; I shall be well supplied; Since he is mine, and I am his, What can I want beside?
- He leads me to the place Where heavenly pasture grows; Where living waters gently pass, And full salvation flows.

3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim;
And guides me in his own right way,
For his most holy name.

While he affords his aid,
 I cannot yield to fear;
 Though I should walk thro' death's dark shade,
 My Shepherd's with me there.

WATTS.

260.

S. M.

The Mercies of God.

- O, BLESS the Lord, my soul!
 Let all within me join,
 And aid my tongue to bless his name,
 Whose favors are divine.
- 2 'T is he forgives thy sins,'T is he relieves thy pain,'T is he who heals thy sicknesses,And makes thee young again.
- 3 He crowns thy life with love, When ransomed from the grave; He, who redeemed my soul from hell, Hath sovereign power to save.
- 4 He fills the poor with good;
 He gives the sufferers rest;
 The Lord hath judgments for the proud,
 And justice for the oppressed.

18 *

200

5 Then bless the Lord, my soul! Let all within me join,And aid my tongue to bless his name, Whose favors are divine.

WATTS.

261.

S. M.

- Blest are the sons of peace,
 Whose hearts and hopes are one;
 Whose kind designs to serve and please
 Through all their actions run.
- Blest is the pious house,
 Where zeal and friendship meet;
 Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,
 Make their communion sweet.
- 3 From those celestial springs Such streams of pleasure flow, As no increase of riches brings, Nor honors can bestow.
- 4 Thus on the heavenly hills
 The saints are blest above;
 Where joy, like morning dew, distils,
 And all the air is love.

WATTS.

262.

7 s. M.

Social Worship.

1 Come, and let us sweetly join God to praise in hymns divine;

Give we all, with one accord, Glory to our common Lord; Hands, and hearts, and voices raise; Sing as in the ancient days; Antedate the joys above, Find the heaven of mutual love.

- 2 Saviour, we thy promise claim;
 We are met in thy great name;
 In the midst do thou appear;
 Manifest thy presence here;
 Sanctify us, Lord, and bless;
 Breathe thy spirit, give thy peace;
 Thou thyself within us move;
 Make this hour a feast of love.
- 3 Make us all in thee complete;
 Make us all for glory meet;
 Meet to appear before thy sight,
 Partners with the saints in light.
 Call, O call us each by name,
 To the marriage of the Lamb;
 Let us lean upon thy breast;
 Love be there our endless feast!

WESLEY.

263.

L. M.

Faith our Support.

1 'T is by the faith of joys to come
We walk through deserts dark as night;
Till we arrive at heaven, our home,
Faith is our guide, and faith our light.

- 2 The want of sight she well supplies; She makes the pearly gates appear; Far into distant worlds she pries, And brings eternal glories near.
- 3 Cheerful we tread the desert through,
 While faith inspires a heavenly ray;
 Though lions roar, and tempests blow,
 And rocks and dangers fill the way.
 WATTS.

264. L. M.

The Christian Warfare.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul! lift up thine eyes; See where thy foes against thee rise, In long array, a numerous host; Awake, my soul! or thou art lost.
- 2 Here giant danger threatening stands, Mustering his pale, terrific bands; There pleasure's silken banners spread, And willing souls are captives led.
- 3 See where rebellious passions rage, And fierce desires and lusts engage; The meanest foe of all the train Has thousands and ten thousands slain.
- 4 Come, then, my soul! now learn to wield The weight of thine immortal shield; Put on the armor, from above, Of heavenly truth and heavenly love.

5 The terror and the charm repel, And powers of earth, and powers of hell; Jesus, our Saviour, triumphed here; Why should his faithful followers fear?

265. 6 & 4 s. M.

- Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee!
 E'en though it be a cross That raiseth me;
 Still all my song shall be,— Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee!
- 2 Though, like the wanderer,
 The sun gone down,
 Darkness be over me,
 My rest a stone;
 Yet in my dreams I'd be
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee!
- 3 There let the way appear,
 Steps unto heaven;
 All that thou sendest me,
 In mercy given;
 Angels to beckon me
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee!

4 Then with my waking thoughts,
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs,
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

5 Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!
SARAH F. ADAMS.

266.

C. M.

Heavenly Wisdom.

- 1 O, HAPPY is the man who hears Instruction's warning voice, And who celestial wisdom makes His early, only choice.
- Wisdom has treasures greater far Than east or west unfold; And her rewards more precious are Than is the gain of gold.
- 3 In her right hand she holds to view A length of happy years;

And in her left the prize of fame And honor bright appears.

- 4 She guides the young, with innocence, In pleasure's path to tread; A crown of glory she bestows Upon the hoary head.
- 5 According as her labors rise, So her rewards increase; Her ways are ways of pleasantness, And all her paths are peace. LOGAN.

267.

S. M.

- My Father bids me come, O, why do I delay? He calls the wandering spirit home, And yet from him I stay!
- Father, the hindrance show, Which I have failed to see: And let me now consent to know What keeps me far from thee.
- Searcher of hearts, in mine Thy trying power display; Into its darkest corners shine, Take every veil away.
- In me the hindrance lies: The fatal bar remove: And let me see, in sweet surprise, Thy full redeeming love.

268.

C. M.

Fear Not.

- 1 YE trembling souls, dismiss your fears; Be mercy all your theme; For mercy like a river flows, In one perpetual stream.
- 2 "Fear not" the powers of earth and hell;
 God will those powers restrain;
 His arm will all their rage repel,
 And make their efforts vain.
- 3 "Fear not" the want of outward good; For his he will provide, Grant them supplies of daily food, And give them heaven beside.
- 4 "Fear not" that he will e'er forsake,
 Or leave his work undone;
 He's faithful to his promises,
 And faithful to his Son.
- 5 "Fear not" the terrors of the grave, Nor death's relentless sting; From each he'll take their victory And to his presence bring.

BEDDOME.

269.

C. M.

1 THERE is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign,

- Infinite day excludes the night, And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides, And never-withering flowers; Death, like a narrow sea, divides This heavenly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood, Stand dressed in living green: So to the Jews old Canaan stood, While Jordan rolled between.
- 4 But timorous mortals start and shrink, To cross this narrow sea, And linger shivering on the brink, And fear to launch away.
- 5 O, could we make our doubts remove, Those gloomy doubts that rise, And see the Canaan that we love, With unbeclouded eyes, -
- 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood, And view the landscape o'er, -Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood, Should fright us from the shore.

WATTS.

270.

7 s. M.

Who shall dwell in Heaven.

1 Who, O Lord, when life is o'er, Shall to heaven's blest mansions soar;

19

Who, an ever-welcome guest, In thy holy place shall rest?—

- 2 He, whose heart thy love has warmed; He, whose will to thine conformed, Bids his life unsullied run; He, whose words and thoughts are one;—
- 3 He, who shuns the sinner's road, Loving those who love their God; Who, with hope, and faith unfeigned, Treads the path by thee ordained;
- 4 He, who trusts in Christ alone, Not in aught himself hath done:— He, great God, shall be thy care, And thy choicest blessings share.

LYTE.

271.

S. M.

- O CEASE, my wandering soul,
 On restless wing to roam;
 All the wide world, to either pole,
 Has not for thee a home.
- Behold the Ark of God,
 Behold the open door!
 Hasten to gain that dear abode,
 And rove, my soul, no more.
- 3 There, safe thou shalt abide, There sweet shall be thy rest,

And every longing satisfied, With full salvation blest.

4 And when the waves of ire, Again the earth shall fill, The Ark shall ride the sea of fire, Then rest on Sion's hill.

MUHLENBERG.

272.

C. M.

Design of Christ's Advent.

- 1 Hark! the glad sound! the Saviour comes, The Saviour promised long! Let every heart prepare a throne, And every voice a song.
- 2 He comes, the prisoner to release,In Satan's bondage held:The gates of brass before him burst,The iron fetters yield.
- He comes, from darkening scales of vice
 To clear the inward sight;
 And on the eyeballs of the blind
 To pour celestial light.
- 4 He comes, the broken heart to bind, The bleeding soul to cure; And with the treasures of his grace, To enrich the humble poor.
- 5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,
 Thy welcome shall proclaim;
 And heaven's eternal arches ring
 With thy beloved name.

DODDRIDGE.

273.

7 & 6 s. M.

Praise to the Saviour.

- 1 To thee, O blessed Saviour!
 My heart exulting sings,
 Rejoicing in thy favor,
 Almighty King of kings!
 I'll celebrate the glory,
 With all thy saints above,
 And tell the joyful story
 Of thy redeeming love.
- 2 Soon as the morn with roses
 Bedecks the dewy east,
 And when the sun reposes
 Upon the ocean's breast;
 My voice, in supplication,
 Well-pleased thou shalt hear:
 O, grant me thy salvation,
 And to my soul draw near!

274.

8 & 7 s. M.

Christmas Hymn.

- 1 HARK! what mean those holy voices, Sweetly sounding through the skies? Lo! the angelic host rejoices; Heavenly hallelujahs rise.
- 2 Listen to the wondrous story, Which they chant in hymns of joy; "Glory in the highest, glory! Glory be to God most high!
- 3 "Peace on earth, good-will from heaven, Reaching far as man is found; Souls redeemed and sins forgiven; Loud our golden harps shall sound.
- 4 "Christ is born, the great anointed; Heaven and earth his praises sing! O, receive whom God appointed For your prophet, priest, and king."

CAWOOD.

275.

L. M.

Song of the Angels at the Saviour's Birth.

1 When Jordan hushed his waters still, And silence slept on Zion's hill; When Bethlehem's shepherds through the night Watched o'er their flocks by starry light;

- 2 On wings of light, on wings of flame The glorious hosts of Zion came; High heaven with songs of triumph rung While thus they struck their harps and sung.
- 3 "O Zion! lift thy raptured eye,
 The long expected hour is nigh:
 The joys of nature rise again
 The Prince of Salem comes to reign.
- 4 "See Mercy, from her golden urn, Pours a rich stream to them that mourn! Behold, she binds, with tender care, The bleeding bosom of despair!
- 5 "He comes! to cheer the trembling heart, Bids Satan and his host depart; Again the Daystar gilds the gloom, Again the bowers of Eden bloom.
- 6 "O Zion! lift thy raptured eye, The long expected hour is nigh; The joys of nature rise again, The Prince of Salem comes to reign."

CAMPBELL.

276. 8, 7, & 4 s. M.

1 Christian! see! the orient morning
Breaks along the heathen sky;
Lo! the expected day is dawning,—
Glorious dayspring from on high;
Hallelujah!—
Hail the dayspring from on high!

- 2 Heathens at the sight are singing; Morning wakes the tuneful lays; Precious offerings they are bringing,— First-fruits of more perfect praise; Hallelujah!— Hail the dayspring from on high!
- 3 Zion's Sun!—salvation beaming,— Gilding now the radiant hills,— Rise and shine, till brighter gleamings All the world thy glory fills; Hallelujah!— Hail the dayspring from on high!
- 4 Lord of every tribe and nation!
 Spread thy truth from pole to pole;
 Spread the light of thy salvation,
 Till it shine on every soul;
 Hallelujah!—
 Hail the dayspring from on high!

 Leland's Hymns.

277. 8 & 7 s. M.

1 HARK! ten thousand harps and voices
- Sound the notes of praise above;
Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices;
Jesus reigns, the God of love:
See he sits on yonder throne;
Jesus rules the world alone.

- 2 Jesus, hail! whose glory brightens
 All above, and gives it worth;
 Lord of life, thy smile enlightens,
 Cheers, and charms thy saints on earth:
 When we think of love like thine,
 Lord, we own it love divine.
- 3 King of glory, reign forever;
 Thine an everlasting erown:
 Nothing from thy love shall sever
 Those whom thou hast made thine own;
 Happy objects of thy grace,
 Destined to behold thy face.
- 4 Saviour, hasten thine appearing;
 Bring, O bring the glorious day,
 When, the awful summons hearing,
 Heaven and earth shall pass away:
 Then, with golden harps, we'll sing,
 "Glory, glory to our King."

KELLY.

278.

C. M.

The Saviour's Mission and Love.

- The Saviour! O, what endless charms
 Dwell in the blissful sound!
 Its influence every fear disarms,
 And spreads sweet peace around.
- 2 Here pardon, life, and joys divine, In rich effusion flow,

For guilty rebels lost in sin, And doomed to endless woe.

- 3 O, the rich depths of love divine,
 Of bliss a boundless store!
 Dear Saviour! let me call thee mine;
 I cannot wish for more.
- 4 On thee alone my hope relies,
 Beneath thy cross I fall;
 My Lord, my life, my sacrifice,
 My Saviour and my all!

STEELE.

279.

H. M.

- 1 HARK! what celestial sounds,
 What music fills the air!
 Soft warbling to the morn,
 It strikes the ravished ear:
 Now all is still; now wild it floats,
 In tuneful notes, loud, sweet, and shrill.
- 2 The angelic hosts descend, With harmony divine: See how from heaven they bend, And in full chorus join: "Fear not," say they; "Great joy we bring: Jesus, your King, is born to-day."
- 3 He comes, your souls to save From death's eternal gloom;

To realms of bliss and light
He lifts you from the tomb:
Your voices raise, with sons of light;
Your songs unite of endless praise.

4 Glory to God, on high!
Ye mortals spread the sound,
And let your raptures fly
To earth's remotest bound;
For peace on earth, from God in heaven,
To man is given, at Jesus' birth.

SALISBURY COLL.

280. 11 s. M.

1 While nature was sinking in stillness to rest,
The last beam of daylight shone dim in the west,
O'er fields by pale moonlight or stars' trembling
ray,

In deep meditation I wandered away.

2 While passing a garden I paused to hear, A voice faint and plaintive, from One that was there;

The voice of the sufferer affected my heart, While pleading in anguish the poor sinner's part.

3 So deep were his sorrows, so fervent his prayers, That down o'er his bosom rolled sweat, blood, and tears!

I wept to behold him!—I asked him his name, He answered, "'T is Jesus! from heaven I came!"

4 How sweet was that moment he bade me rejoice! His smile, O how pleasant! How pleasant his voice!

I flew from the garden to spread it abroad! I shouted Salvation! and Glory to God!

- 5 I'm now on my journey to mansions above; My soul's full of glory, of light, grace, and love! I think of the garden, the prayers, and the tears, Of that loving Stranger, who banished my fears!
- 6 The day of bright glory is rolling around, When Gabriel descending, the trumpet shall sound;

My soul then in raptures of glory shall rise To gaze on the Stranger with unclouded eyes.

281. H. M.

- 1 HARK! hark!—the notes of joy
 Roll o'er the heavenly plains,
 And seraphs find employ
 For their sublimest strains;
 Some new delight in heaven is known:
 Loud sound the harp around the throne.
- 2 Hark! hark!—the sound draws nigh,
 The joyful hosts descend;
 Jesus forsakes the sky,
 To earth his footsteps bend;
 He comes to bless our fallen race;
 He comes with messages of grace.

- 3 Bear, bear the tidings round;
 Let every mortal know
 What love in God is found,
 What pity he can show;
 Ye winds that blow! ye waves that roll!
 Bear the glad news from pole to pole.
- 4 Strike, strike the harps again,
 To great Immanuel's name;
 Arise, ye sons of men!
 And all his grace proclaim;
 Angels and men, wake every string,
 'T is God the Saviour's praise we sing.

REED'S COLL.

282.

C. M.

- 1 Come, sinner, to the gospel feast; O, come without delay; For there is room in Jesus' breast .For all who will obey.
- 2 There 's room in God's eternal love To save thy precious soul; Room in the Spirit's grace above To heal and make thee whole.
- 3 There's room within the church, redeemed With blood of Christ divine; Room in the white-robed throng, convened For that dear soul of thine.
- 4 There's room in heaven among the choir, And harps and crowns of gold, And glorious palms of victory there, And joys that ne'er were told.
- 5 There's room around thy Father's board
 For thee and thousands more:
 O, come and welcome to the Lord;
 Yea, come this very hour.

HUNTINGDON.

283.

L. M.

Invitation to go to Christ.

- 1 Come, weary souls! with sin distressed, Come, and accept the promised rest; The Saviour's gracious call obey, And east your gloomy fears away.
- 2 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows, To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes; Pardon and life, and endless peace,— How rich the gift, how free the grace!
- 3 Lord! we accept, with thankful heart, The hope thy gracious words impart; We come, with trembling; yet rejoice, And bless the kind inviting voice.
- 4 Dear Saviour! let thy powerful love Confirm our faith,—our fears remove; O, sweetly reign in every breast, And guide us to eternal rest!

STEELE.

284.

C. M.

The Saviour's Invitation.

1 The Saviour calls, let every ear
Attend the heavenly sound;
Ye doubting souls! dismiss your fear,
Hope smiles reviving round.

931

- 2 For every thirsty, longing heart, Here streams of bounty flow, And life, and health, and bliss impart, To banish mortal woe.
- 3 Ye sinners! come, 't is mercy's voice;
 That gracious voice obey;
 Mercy invites to heavenly joys,—
 And can you yet delay?
- 4 Dear Saviour! draw reluctant hearts;
 To thee let sinners fly,
 And take the bliss thy love imparts,
 And drink, and never die.

285.

C. M.

The Sinner warned.

- 1 SINNER! art thou still secure?
 Wilt thou still refuse to pray?
 Can thy heart or hand endure,
 In the Lord's avenging day?
- 2 See, his mighty arm is bared; Awful terrors clothe his brow; For his judgments stand prepared;— Thou must either break or bow.
- 3 At his presence nature shakes, Earth, affrighted, hastes to flee; Solid mountains melt like wax: What wilt then become of thee?

4 Who his advent can abide? You that glory in your shame, Can you find a place to hide, When the world is wrapt in flame?

NEWTON.

286.

7 s. M.

Ezek. xxxiii. 11.

- 1 SINNERS, turn, why will ye die? God, your Maker, asks you why? God, who did your being give, Made you with himself to live; He the fatal cause demands, Asks the work of his own hands. -Why, ye thankless creatures, why Will ye cross his love, and die?
- 2 Sinners, turn, why will ye die? God, your Saviour, asks you why? He who did your souls retrieve, Died himself, that ye might live. Will ye let him die in vain? Crucify your Lord again? Why, ye ransomed sinners, why Will ye slight his grace, and die?
- 3 Sinners, turn, why will ye die? God, the Spirit, asks you why? He, who all your lives hath strove, Urged you to embrace his love.

Will ye not his grace receive? Will ye still refuse to live? O, ye dying sinners! why, Why will ye forever die?

287.

L. M.

- 1 While life prolongs its precious light, Mercy is found, and peace is given; But soon, ah soon, approaching night Shall blot out every hope of heaven.
- 2 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing, Shall death command you to the grave, Before his bar your spirits bring, And none be found to hear or save.
- 3 In that lone land of deep despair, No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise,— No God regard your bitter prayer, No Saviour call you to the skies.
- 4 Silence, and solitude, and gloom,
 In those forgetful realms appear;
 Deep sorrows fill the dismal tomb,
 And hope shall never enter there.
- 5 Now God invites; how blest the day!
 How sweet the Gospel's charming sound!
 Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,
 While yet a pardoning God is found.

DWIGHT.

L. M.

Sinners urged to Religion.

- 1 Why will ye waste on trifling cares, That life which God's compassion spares; While, in the various range of thought, The one thing needful is forgot?
- 2 Shall God invite you from above? Shall Jesus urge his dying love? Shall troubled conscience give you pain? And all these pleas be urged in vain?
- 3 Not so your eyes will always view
 Those objects which you now pursue:
 Not so will heaven and hell appear,
 When death's decisive hour is near.
- 4 Almighty God, thy grace impart;
 Fix deep conviction on each heart;
 Nor let us waste, on trifling cares,
 That life which thy compassion spares.

DODDRIDGE.

289.

L. M.

Invitation to Wanderers.

1 RETURN, O wanderer, return,
And seek an injured Father's face;
Those warm desires that in thee burn,
Were kindled by reclaiming grace.

- 2 Return, O wanderer, return,
 And seek a Father's melting heart;
 His pitying eyes thy grief discern,
 His hand shall heal thine inward smart.
- 3 Return, O wanderer, return, Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live; Go to his bleeding feet, and learn How freely Jesus can forgive.
- 4 Return, O wanderer, return,
 And wipe away the falling tear;
 'T is God who says, "No longer mourn,"
 'T is mercy's voice invites thee near.

COLLYER.

290.

C. M.

Turn to thy Maker.

- 1 Turn to thy Maker, child of earth,
 While life is in its spring;
 Turn to thy Maker, while thine heart
 Can purest tribute bring!
 Thine eye with youthful hope is bright;
 O, lift its light to heaven,
 Ere thou hast tears to dim its glance
 For sins not yet forgiven!
- 2 Turn to thy Maker, child of joy, For though thy path be fair, Full fast upon thy footstep treads The iron heal of care.

The gorgeous visions of thy breast Shall pass, returning never, For they are like the meteor-fires, That flash and fade forever!

291.

C. M.

" Remember thy Creator."

1 YE joyous ones! upon whose brow
The light of youth is shed,
O'er whose glad path life's early flowers
In glowing beauty spread;
Forget not Him whose love hath poured
Around that golden light,
And tinged those opening buds of hope
With hues so softly bright.

2 Thou tempted one! just entering
Upon enchanted ground,
Ten thousand snares are spread for thee,
Ten thousand foes surround:
A dark and a deceitful band,
Upon thy path they lower;
Trust not thine own unaided strength
To save thee from their power.

3 Thou whose yet bright and joyous eye
May soon be dimmed with tears,
To whom the hours of bitterness
Must come in coming years;

Teach early thy confiding eye
To pierce the cloudy screen,
To look above the storms of life,
Eternally serene.

BRIGG'S COLL.

292.

L. M.

Life the Time to serve God.

- 1 THERE is a God who reigns above, Lord of the heaven, and earth, and seas; I fear his wrath, I ask his love, And with my lips I sing his praise.
- 2 There is a law which he has made, To teach us all that we must do; My soul, be his commands obeyed, For they are holy, just, and true.
- 3 There is a gospel rich in grace,
 Whence sinners all their comforts draw;
 Lord, I repent and seek thy face,
 For I have often broke thy law.
- 4 There is an hour when I must die, Nor do I know how soon 't will come; How many younger much than I, Have passed by death to hear their doom!
- 5 Let me improve the hours I have, Before the day of grace is fled; There's no repentance in the grave, Nor pardon offered to the dead.

L. M.

The Striving of the Spirit.

- 1 SAY, sinner, hath a voice within,
 Oft whispered to thy secret soul;
 Urged thee to leave the ways of sin,
 And yield thy heart to God's control?
- 2 Hath something met thee in the path Of worldliness and vanity,
 And pointed to the coming wrath,
 And warned thee from that wrath to flee?
- 3 Sinner, it was a heavenly voice,
 It was the Spirit's gracious call;
 It bade thee make the better choice,
 And haste to seek in Christ thine all.
- 4 Spurn not the call to life and light;
 Regard in time the warning kind;
 That call thou mayst not always slight,
 And yet the gate of mercy find.
- 5 God's Spirit will not always strive With hardened, self-destroying man; Ye who persist his love to grieve, May never hear his voice again.
- 6 Sinner, perhaps this very day,
 Thy last accepted time may be;
 O, shouldst thou grieve him now away,
 Then hope may never beam on thee.

HYDE.

7 s. M.

Mercy sought and found.

- 1 Pilgrim, burdened with thy sin,
 Come the way to Zion's gate;
 There, till mercy speaks within,
 Knock, and weep, and watch, and wait.
 Knock,—he knows the sinner's cry;
 Weep,—he loves the mourner's tears;
 Watch,—for saving grace is nigh;
 Wait,—till heavenly light appears.
- 2 Hark! it is thy Saviour's voice, "Welcome, pilgrim, to thy rest;" Now, within the gate, rejoice, Safe, and owned, and bought, and blest. Safe, — from all the lures of vice; Owned, — by joys the contrite know; Bought, — by love, and life the price; Blest, — the mighty debt to owe.
- 3 Christian pilgrim! what for thee
 In a world like this remains?
 From thy guarded breast shall flee
 Fear, and shame, and doubts, and pains.
 Fear,—the hope of heaven shall fly;
 Shame,—from glory's view retire;
 Doubt,—in full belief shall die;
 Pain,—in endless bliss expire.

CRABBE.

C. M.

Prayer for Youth.

- 1 Bestow, O Lord, upon our youth The gift of saving grace, And let the seed of sacred truth Fall in a fruitful place.
- 2 Grace is a plant, where'er it grows, Of pure and heavenly root; But fairest in the youngest shows, And yields the sweetest fruit.
- 3 Ye careless ones, O hear betimes
 The voice of sovereign love;
 Your youth is stained with many crimes,
 But mercy reigns above.
- 4 For you the public prayer is made;
 O, join the public prayer!
 For you the sacred tear is shed;
 O, shed yourselves a tear!
- 5 We pray that you may early prove The Saviour's quickening grace; Too young you cannot taste his love, Or seek his smiling face.

COWPER.

296.

8, 7, & 4 s. M.

The Sinner invited and threatened.

- 1 Hear, O sinner! mercy hails you, Now with sweetest voice she calls, Bids you haste to seek the Saviour, Ere the hand of justice falls; Hear, O sinner!— 'T is the voice of mercy calls.
- 2 See! the storm of vengeance gathering O'er the path you dare to tread; Hark! the awful thunders rolling Loud, and louder o'er your head;— Turn, O sinner!— Lest the lightnings strike you dead.
- 3 Haste, O sinner! to the Saviour,
 Seek his mercy while you may;
 Soon the day of grace is over;
 Soon your life will pass away;
 Haste, O sinner!—
 You must perish, if you stay.

REED.

297.

L. M.

Teachings and Invitation of Jesus.

1 How sweetly flowed the gospel's sound From lips of gentleness and grace, When listening thousands gathered round, And joy and reverence filled the place!

- 2 From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke,
 To heaven he led his followers' way;
 Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
 Unveiling an immortal day.
- 3 "Come, wanderers, to my Father's home, Come, all ye weary ones, and rest!" Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come, Obey thee, love thee, and be blest.

298. C. M.

The Invitations of the Gospel.

- 1 Let every mortal ear attend,
 And every heart rejoice;
 The trumpet of the gospel sounds,
 With an inviting voice.
- 2 Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls, That feed upon the wind, And vainly strive with earthly toys To fill the immortal mind,—
- 3 Eternal wisdom has prepared A soul-reviving feast, And bids your longing appetites The rich provision taste.
- 4 Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
 And pine away, and die,—
 Here you may quench your raging thirst
 With springs that never dry.

- 5 Rivers of love and mercy here
 In a rich ocean join;
 Salvation in abundance flows,
 Like floods of milk and wine.
- 6 The happy gates of gospel grace
 Stand open night and day; —
 Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
 And drive our wants away.

WATTS.

299.

7 & 6 s. M.

"Remember thy Creator."

- 1 "REMEMBER thy Creator,"
 While youth's fair spring is bright,
 Before thy cares are greater,
 Before comes age's night;
 While yet the sun shines o'er thee,
 While stars the darkness cheer,
 While life is all before thee,
 Thy great Creator fear.
- 2 "Remember thy Creator,"
 Ere life resigns its trust,
 Ere sinks dissolving nature,
 And dust returns to dust;
 Before with God, who gave it,
 The spirit shall appear:
 He cries, who died to save it,
 "Thy great Creator fear."

S. F. SMITH.

300.

S. M.

Parental Entreaty.

- 1 My son, know thou the Lord, Thy father's God obey; Seek his protecting care by night, His guardian hand by day.
- 2 Call, while he may be found, O, seek him while he's near; Serve him with all thy heart and mind, And worship him with fear.
- 3 If thou wilt seek his face,
 His ear will hear thy cry;
 Then shalt thou find his mercy sure,
 His grace forever nigh.
- Yield then to love divine,
 Break off your sins to-day;
 Accept the Saviour's pardoning grace,
 Believe, repent, and pray.

301.

L. M.

1 Behold a Stranger at the door!
He gently knocks, has knocked before;
Has waited long, is waiting still;
You treat no other friend so ill.

21 *

- 2 O, lovely attitude, he stands With melting heart, and loaded hands: O, matchless kindness, — and he shows This matchless kindness to his foes!
- 3 But will he prove a friend indeed?
 He will,—the very Friend you need;
 The Friend of sinners,—yes, 't is he,
 With garments dyed on Calvary.
- 4 Rise, touched with gratitude divine, Turn out his enemy and thine. That soul-destroying monster, sin,— And let the heavenly stranger in.
- 5 Admit him, ere his anger burn,— His feet, departed, ne'er return; Admit him, or the hour's at hand, You'll at his door rejected stand.

GREGG.

302.

L. M.

Christ's Invitation.

- "Come hither, all ye weary souls, Ye heavy-laden sinners, come;
 I'll give you rest from all your toils, And raise you to my heavenly home.
- 2 "They shall find rest that learn of me:

 I'm of a meek and lowly mind:
 But passion rages like the sea,
 And pride is restless as the wind.

- 3 "Blessed is the man whose shoulders take My yoke, and bear it with delight; My yoke is easy to his neck, My grace shall make the burden light."
- 4 Jesus, we come at thy command;
 With faith, and hope, and humble zeal,
 Resign our spirits to thy hand,
 To mould and guide us at thy will.

WATTS.

303.

C. M.

"Just as I am."

- 1 JUST as I am, without one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me, And that thou bid'st me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come!
- 2 Just as I am, and waiting not
 To rid my soul of one dark blot,
 To thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,
 O Lamb of God, I come!
- 3 Just as I am, though tossed about
 With many a conflict, many a doubt,
 Fightings within, and fears without,
 O Lamb of God, I come!
- 4 Just as I am,—poor, wretched, blind; Sight, riches, healing of the mind, Yea, all I need, in thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come!
- 5 Just as I am, thou wilt receive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;

Because thy promise I believe, O Lamb of God, I come!

6 Just as I am, — thy love unknown Hath broken every barrier down; Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone, O Lamb of God, I come!

304.

C. M.

Returning to God.

- 1 How oft, alas! this wretched heart
 Has wandered from the Lord!
 How oft my roving thoughts depart,
 Forgetful of his word!
- 2 Yet sovereign mercy calls, "Return!" Dear Lord! and may I come? My vile ingratitude I mourn; O, take the wanderer home!
- 3 And canst thou, wilt thou yet forgive,
 And bid my crimes remove?
 And shall a pardoned rebel live
 To speak thy wondrous love?
- 4 Almighty grace! thy healing power,
 How glorious,—how divine!
 That can to life and bliss restore
 A heart so vile as mine!

5 Thy pardoning love, — so free, so sweet, — Dear Saviour! I adore;
0, keep me at thy sacred feet, And let me rove no more!

STEELE.

305.

L. M. 6 1.

Supplication for Pardon.

- 1 Father of mercies, God of love!
 O, hear a humble suppliant's cry;
 Bend from thy lofty seat above,
 Thy throne of glorious majesty:
 O, deign to hear my mournful voice,
 And bid my drooping heart rejoice.
- 2 I urge no merits of my own, No worth, to claim thy gracious smile: No, — when I bow before thy throne, And dare converse with God awhile, — Thy name, blest Jesus, is my plea, — Dearest and sweetest name to me!
- 3 Father of mercies, God of love!
 Then hear thy humble suppliant's cry;
 Bend from thy lofty seat above,
 Thy throne of glorious majesty:
 One pardoning word can make me whole,
 And soothe the anguish of my soul.

EPIS. COLL.

306.

C. M.

The Mercy-Seat.

- 1 DEAR Father! to thy mercy-seat
 My soul for shelter flies:
 "T is here I find a safe retreat,
 When storms and tempests rise.
- 2 My cheerful hope can never die, If thou, my God! art near; Thy grace can raise my comforts high, And banish every fear.
- 3 My great Protector, and my Lord!
 Thy constant aid impart;
 O, let thy kind, thy gracious word
 Sustain my trembling heart!
- 4 O, never let my soul remove
 From this divine retreat;
 Still let me trust thy power and love,
 And dwell beneath thy feet.

STEELE.

307.

C. M.

Comfort in God.

1 DEAR Refuge of my weary soul,
On thee, when sorrows rise,
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.

- 2 To thee I tell each rising grief,
 For thou alone canst heal;
 Thy word can bring a sweet relief
 For every pain I feel.
- 3 But oh! when gloomy doubts prevail, I fear to call thee mine; The springs of comfort seem to fail, And all my hopes decline.
- 4 Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee?
 Thou art my only trust;
 And still my soul would cleave to thee,
 Though prostrate in the dust.
- 5 Thy mercy-seat is open still;
 Here let my soul retreat;
 With humble hope attend thy will,
 And wait beneath thy feet.

STEELE.

308.

L. M.

- 1 STAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay!
 Though I have done thee such despite,
 Cast not a sinner quite away,
 Nor take thine everlasting flight.
- 2 Though I have most unfaithful been
 Of all whoe'er thy grace received;
 Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
 Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved;—

- 3 Yet, O the chief of sinners spare, In honor of my great High Priest; Nor, in thy righteous anger, swear I shall not see thy people's rest.
- 4 O Lord, my weary soul release,
 And raise me by thy gracious hand;
 Guide me into thy perfect peace,
 And bring me to the promised land.

C. WESLEY.

309.

C. M.

Surrendering to Christ.

- 1 PEOPLE of the living God,
 I have sought the world around,
 Paths of sin and sorrow trod.
 Peace and comfort nowhere found:
 Now to you my spirit turns,
 Turns a fugitive unblest;
 Brethren, where your altar burns,
 O, receive me into rest!
- 2 Lonely, I no longer roam, Like the cloud, the wind, the wave; Where you dwell shall be my home, Where you die shall be my grave; Mine the God whom you adore, Your Redeemer shall be mine; Earth can fill my soul no more, Every idol I resign.

22

3 Tell me not of gain or loss,
Ease, enjoyment, pomp, or power,
Welcome poverty and cross,
Shame, reproach, affliction's hour:
"Follow me;" I know thy voice;
Jesus, Lord, thy steps I see;
Now I take thy yoke, by choice;
Light thy burden now to me.

MONTGOMERY.

310.

C. M.

Repentance for Backsliding.

- 1 O Thou, whose tender mercy hears Contrition's humble sigh; Whose hand indulgent wipes the tears From sorrow's weeping eye:
- 2 See, low before thy throne of grace, A wretched wanderer mourn; Hast thou not bid me seek thy face? Hast thou not said, — Return?
- 3 And shall my guilty fears prevail
 To drive me from thy feet?
 O, let not this dear refuge fail,
 This only safe retreat.
- 4 Absent from thee, my Guide, my Light,
 Without one cheering ray:
 Through dangers, fears, and gloomy night,
 How desolate my way!

O, shine on this benighted heart,
 With beams of mercy shine!
 And let thy healing voice impart
 A taste of joys divine.

STEELE.

311.

L. M.

" For all have sinned."

- 1 WE sin, whenever we pursue
 What God commands us not to do;
 We sin, too, if we ever shun
 What he hath told us must be done.
- 2 Thus have we often sinned, and still Offend against his holy will: We know our duty, but the heart Will from its sacred rules depart.
- 3 O, let us then confess our sin,
 And all the faults we hide within;
 And let the erring heart deplore
 Its follies, and do wrong no more.
- 4 If we sincerely now repent,
 And trust in him whom Heaven hath sent,
 He will remove the threatening rod,
 And bear us to the arms of God.

PEABODY.

312.

8 & 7 s. M.

" Before the Cross."

1 Sweet the moments, rich in blessing, Which before the cross I spend;

- Life, and health, and peace possessing, From the sinner's dying Friend.
- 2 Truly blessèd is this station, Low before his cross to lie; While I see divine compassion Beaming in his gracious eye.
- 3 Here it is I find my heaven,
 While upon the cross I gaze;
 Love I much? I've much forgiven;
 I'm a miracle of grace.
- 4 Love and grief my heart dividing,
 With my tears his feet I'll bathe;
 Constant still, in faith abiding,
 Life deriving from his death.
- 5 Here in tender, grateful sorrow With my Saviour will I stay; Here new hope and strength will borrow; Here will love my fears away.

BEATTIE.

313.

C. M.

Submission.

- 1 How sweet to be allowed to pray
 To God, the holy one;
 With filial love and trust to say,
 O God, thy will be done!
- 2 We in these sacred words can find A cure for every ill, They calm and soothe the troubled mind, And bid all care be still.
- 3 O, may that will that gave me birth, And an immortal soul, In joy or grief, in life or death, My every wish control.
- 4 O, could my heart thus ever pray,
 Thus imitate thy Son!
 Teach me, O God, in truth to say,
 Thy will, not mine, be done.

FOLLEN.

22 *

S. M.

Meekness and Candor.

- O, MAY we still maintain
 A meek, inquiring mind;

 Assured we shall not search in vain,
 But hidden treasures find.
- With understanding blest, Created to be free, Our faith on man we dare not rest, Subject to none but thee.
- 3 Lord, give the light we need;
 With soundest knowledge fill;
 From noxious error guard our creed,
 From prejudice our will.
- 4 The truth thou shalt impart May we with firmness own; Abhorring each evasive art, And fearing thee alone.

J. SCOTT.

315.

L. M.

Meekness.

1 HAPPY the meek, whose gentle breast, Clear as the summer's evening ray, Calm as the regions of the blest, Enjoys on earth celestial day.

- 2 His heart no broken friendships sting, No storms his peaceful tent invade; He rests beneath the Almighty's wing, Hostile to none, of none afraid.
- 3 The upright man no want shall fear;
 Thy providence shall be his trust;
 Thou wilt provide his portion here,
 Thou friend and guardian of the just!

 J. Scott.

316. S. M.

- I LIFT my soul to God;
 My trust is in his name:
 Let not my foes, that seek my blood,
 Still triumph in my shame.
- 2 From early dawning light Till evening shades arise, For thy salvation, Lord, I wait, With ever-longing eyes.
- 3 Remember all thy grace, And lead me in thy truth; Forgive the sins of riper days, And follies of my youth.
- 4 The Lord is just and kind;
 The meek shall learn his ways;
 And every humble sinner find
 The blessings of his grace.

S. M.

- How gentle God's commands!
 How kind his precepts are!
 "Come, cast your burdens on the Lord, And trust his constant care."
- Beneath his watchful eye
 His saints securely dwell;
 That hand which bears all nature up,
 Shall guard his children well.
- Why should this anxious load Press down your weary mind?
 Haste to your Heavenly Father's throne, And sweet refreshment find.
- 4 His goodness stands approved,
 Through each succeeding day;
 I'll drop my burden at his feet,
 And bear a song away.

DODDRIDGE.

318.

S. M.

Blessedness of the Pure in Heart.

 BLEST are the pure in heart, For they shall see our God;
 The secret of the Lord is theirs;
 Their soul is his abode.

Still to the lowly soul
 He doth himself impart,
 And for his temple and his throne
 Selects the pure in heart.

MASON.

319.

C. M.

Desire to walk with God.

- 1 O, For a closer walk with God, A calm and heavenly frame,— A light to shine upon the road That leads me to the Lamb!
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew When first I saw the Lord? Where is the soul-refreshing view Of Jesus, and his word?
- 3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
 How sweet their memory still!
 But they have left an aching void
 The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O holy Dove! return,
 Sweet messenger of rest!
 I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
 And drove thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known, Whate'er that idol be, — Help me to tear it from thy throne, And worship only thee.

261

6 So shall my walk be close with God, Calm and serene my frame; So purer light shall mark the road That leads me to the Lamb.

COWPER.

320.

L. M.

- 1 The bird that soars on highest wing Builds on the ground her lowly nest; And she that doth most sweetly sing Sings in the shade when all things rest: -In lark and nightingale we see What honor hath humility.
- 2 When Mary chose the better part, She meekly sat at Jesus' feet; And Lydia's gently opened heart Was made for God's own temple meet: -Fairest and best adorned is she Whose clothing is humility.
- 3 The saint that wears heaven's brightest crown In deepest adoration bends; The weight of glory bows him down, Then most when most his soul ascends:— Nearest the throne itself must be The footstool of humility.

MONTGOMERY.

321.

L. M.

Christ our Example.

1 Make us, by thy transforming grace, Dear Saviour, daily more like thee!

Thy fair example may we trace, To teach us what we ought to be!

- 2 O, how benevolent and kind! How mild!—how ready to forgive! Be this the temper of our mind, And these the rules by which we live.
- 3 To do his Heavenly Father's will
 Was his employment and delight;
 Humility and holy zeal
 Shone through his life divinely bright.
- 4 Dispensing good where'er he came, The labors of his life were love; Then, if we bear the Saviour's name, By his example let us move.
- 5 But ah! how blind! how weak we are!

 How frail! how apt to turn aside!

 Lord, we depend upon thy care,

 And ask thy Spirit for our guide.

STEELE.

322.

L. M.

"Who on Earth are Blessed?"

- 1 BLEST are the men, whose hearts do move And melt with sympathy and love; From Christ, the Lord, shall they obtain Like sympathy and love again.
- 2 Blest are the meek, who stand afar From rage and passion, noise and war;

God will secure their happy state, And plead their cause against the great.

- 3 Blest are the souls that thirst for grace,— Hunger and long for righteousness; They shall be well supplied, and fed With living streams and living bread.
- 4 Blest are the pure, whose hearts are clean From the defiling power of sin; With endless pleasure they shall see A God of spotless purity.
- 5 Blest are the sufferers, who partake Of pain and shame, for Jesus' sake; Their souls shall triumph in the Lord,— Glory and joy are their reward.

WATTS.

LOVE.

323.

L. M.

Love to God and our Neighbor.

- 1 Thus saith the first, the great command, "Let all thy inward powers unite, To love thy Maker, and thy God, With utmost vigor and delight.
- 2 "Then shall thy neighbor, next in place, Share thine affection and esteem; And let thy kindness to thyself, Measure and rule thy love to him."
- 3 This is the sense that Moses spoke;
 This did the prophets preach and prove;
 For want of this the law is broke,
 And the whole law's fulfilled by love.
- 4 But O how base our passions are!
 How cold our charity and zeal!
 Lord, fill our souls with heavenly fire,
 Or we shall ne'er perform thy will.

WATTS.

23

C. P. M.

God is Love.

- 1 Mr God! thy boundless love I praise; How bright on high its glories blaze! How sweetly bloom below! It streams from thine eternal throne; Through heaven its joys forever run, And o'er the earth they flow.
- 2 'T is love that paints the purple morn,
 And bids the clouds in air upborne
 Their genial drops distil;
 In every vernal beam it glows,
 And breathes in every gale that blows,
 And glides in every rill.
- 3 It robes in cheerful green the ground, And pours its flowery beauties round, Whose sweets perfume the gale; Its bounties richly spread the plain, The blushing fruit, the golden grain, And smile in every vale.
- 4 Then let the love, that makes me blest,
 With cheerful praise inspire my breast,
 And ardent gratitude;
 And all my thoughts and passions tend
 To thee, my Father and my Friend,
 My soul's eternal good.

H. MOORE.

7 s. M.

Brotherly Love.

- 1 God of love, we look to thee, Let us in thy Son agree; Show to us the Prince of peace, Bid our jars forever cease.
- 2 By thy reconciling love, Every stumbling-block remove; Each to each unite, endear, Come and spread thy banner here.
- 3 Make us of one heart and mind, Courteous, pitiful, and kind; Lowly, meek, in thought and word, Altogether like our Lord.
- 4 Let us for each other care; Each the other's burden bear; To thy church the pattern give, Show how true believers live.
- 5 Free from anger and from pride, Let us thus in God abide; All the depths of love express, All the heights of holiness.
- 6 Let us then with joy remove
 To the family above;
 On the wings of angels fly,
 Show how true believers die.

WESLEY.

S. M.

Christian Harmony.

- Let party names no more The Christian world o'erspread: The good of every name and sect Are one in Christ their Head.
- Among the saints on earth Let mutual love be found: Heirs of the same inheritance, With mutual blessings crowned.
- Let envy and ill-will Be banished far away; And all in Christian bonds unite, Who the same Lord obey.
- Thus will the church below Resemble that above; Where no discordant sounds are heard, But all is peace and love.

BEDDOME.

327.

S. M.

Communion with the Father and Christ.

Our Heavenly Father calls, And Christ invites us near; With both, our friendship shall be sweet, And our communion dear.

LOVE.

- 2 God pities all our griefs: He pardons every day; Almighty to protect our souls, And wise to guide our way.
- 3 How large his bounties are!
 What various stores of good,
 Diffused from our Redeemer's hand,
 And purchased with his blood!
- 4 Jesus, our living head,
 We bless thy faithful care;
 Our advocate before the throne,
 And our forerunner there.
- 5 Here fix, my roving heart!
 Here wait, my warmest love!
 Till this communion be complete
 In nobler scenes above.

328.

L. M.

God's Goodness Unceasing.

- 1 My God, how endless is thy love!
 Thy gifts are every evening new;
 And morning mercies from above
 Gently distil like early dew.
- 2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night, Great Guardian of my sleeping hours, Thy sovereign word restores the light, And quickens all my drowsy powers.

23 *

3 I yield my powers to thy command,
To thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

WATTS.

329.

C. M.

A Feeling Heart implored.

- 1 FAR from thy servants, God of grace, The unfeeling heart remove, And form in our obedient souls The image of thy love.
- 2 O, may our sympathizing breasts, The generous pleasure know, Kindly to share in others' joy, And weep for others' woe.
- 3 Where'er the helpless sons of grief In low distress are laid, Soft be our hearts their pains to feel, And swift our hands to aid.
- 4 O, be the law of love fulfilled In every act and thought, Each angry passion far removed, Each selfish view forgot!
- 5 Be thou, my heart, dilated wide With this kind, social grace, And, in one grasp of fervent love, All earth and heaven embrace.

DODDRIDGE.

L. M.

Love to Parents.

- 1 To honor those who gave us birth, To cheer their age, to feel their worth, Is God's command to human kind, And owned by every grateful mind.
- 2 Think of her toil, her anxious care, Who formed thy lisping lips to prayer, To win for God the yielding soul, And all its ardent thoughts control.
- 3 Nor keep from memory's glad review, The fears which all the father knew; The joy that marked his thankful gaze As virtue crowned maturer days.
- 4 When pressed by sickness, pain, or grief, How anxious they to give relief! Our dearest wish they held their own; Till ours returned, their peace was flown.
- 5 God of our life, each parent guard, And death's sad hour, O long retard; Be theirs each joy that gilds the past, And heaven our mutual home at last.

NOEL.

C. M.

The Beauty of Christian Love.

- 1 How sweet, how heavenly is the sight When those that love the Lord, In one another's peace delight, And thus fulfil his word!
- 2 When each can feel his brother's sigh, And with him bear a part; When sorrow flows from eye to eye, And joy from heart to heart: -
- 3 When, free from envy, scorn, and pride, Our wishes all above, Each can his brother's failings hide, And show a brother's love: -
- 4 When love, in one delightful stream, Through every bosom flows; And union sweet, and dear esteem, In every action glows.
- 5 Love is the golden chain, that binds The happy souls above; And he's an heir to heaven that finds His bosom glow with love.

SWAIN.

332.

H. M.

Love of Christ celebrated.

1 Come, every pious heart That loves the Saviour's name, Your noblest power exert
To celebrate his fame;
Tell all above, and all below,
The debt of love to him you owe.

- 2 He left his starry crown,
 And laid his robes aside;
 On wings of love came down,
 And wept, and bled, and died:
 What he endured, O who can tell!
 To save our souls from death and hell.
- 3 From the dark grave he rose,
 The mansion of the dead;
 And thence his mighty foes
 In glorious triumph led;
 Up through the sky the conqueror rode,
 And reigns on high,—the Saviour God.
- 4 Jesus, we ne'er can pay
 The debt we owe thy love;
 Yet tell us how we may
 Our gratitude approve:
 Our hearts, our all, to thee we give:
 The gift, though small, do thou receive.

STENNETT.

333.

C. M.

Goodness of God.

1 LORD, I would own thy tender care,
And all thy love to me;
The food I eat, the clothes I wear,
Are all bestowed by thee.

LOVE.

- 2 'T is thou preservest me from death And dangers every hour; I cannot draw another breath, Unless thou givest the power.
- 3 My health, and friends, and parents dear, To me by God are given; I have not any blessings here, But what are sent from heaven.
- 4 Such goodness, Lord, and constant care, A child can ne'er repay; But may it be my daily prayer To love thee and obey.

WATTS.

334.

C. M.

God is Love.

- 1 Come, ye that wish to know the Lord, And lift your souls above; Let every heart and voice accord, To sing, that God is love.
- 2 This precious truth his word declares, And all his mercies prove; Jesus, the gift of gifts, appears, To show, that God is love.
- 3 Behold! his loving-kindness waits For those who from him rove; And calls of mercy reach their hearts, To teach them, God is love.

LOVE.

4 O, may we all, while here below,
This best of blessings prove:
Till warmer hearts, in brighter worlds,
Shall shout, that God is love.

G. BURDER.

FIDELITY.

335.

C. M.

Watchfulness.

- I WANT a principle within
 Of jealous, godly fear;
 A sensibility of sin,
 A pain to find it near.
- 2 I want the first approach to feel
 Of pride, or fond desire;
 To catch the wandering of my will,
 And quench the kindling fire.
- 3 Quick as the apple of an eye, O God! my conscience make; Awake my soul when sin is nigh, And keep it still awake.

C. WESLEY.

336.

S. M.

I WANT a true regard,
 A single, steady aim,
 Unmoved by threatening or reward,
 To thee and thy great name.

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FIDELITY.

- 2 Swift to my rescue come; Thine own this moment seize; Gather my wandering spirit home, And keep in perfect peace.
- 3 Long as our trials last, Long as the cross we bear, O, let our souls on thee be cast In never-ceasing prayer!

337.

C. M.

Sincerity.

- 1 God is a Spirit just and wise;
 He sees our inmost mind;
 In vain to heaven we raise our cries,
 And leave our souls behind.
- 2 Nothing but truth before his throne With honor can appear; The painted hypocrites are known Through the disguise they wear.
- 3 Their lifted eyes salute the skies,
 Their bending knees the ground;
 But God abhors the sacrifice
 Where not the heart is found.
- 4 Lord, search my thoughts, and try my ways,
 And make my soul sincere;
 Then shall I stand before thy face,
 And find acceptance there.

 WATTS.

91

24

L. M.

- 1 Who shall ascend thy heavenly place, Great God, and dwell before thy face? The man who minds religion now, And humbly walks with God below;
- 2 Whose hands are pure, whose heart is clean; Whose lips still speak the thing they mean; No slanders dwell upon his tongue; He hates to do his neighbor wrong.
- 3 He loves his enemies, and prays
 For those who curse him to his face;
 And does to all men still the same
 That he would hope or wish from them.
- 4 Yet when his holiest works are done, His soul depends on grace alone: This is the man thy face shall see, And dwell forever, Lord, with thee.

WATTS.

339.

L. M.

- 1 I SEND the joys of earth away;
 Away, ye tempters of the mind!
 False as the smooth, deceitful sea,
 And empty as the whistling wind.
- 2 Your streams were floating me along, Down to the gulf of dark despair;

FIDELITY.

And while I listened to your song,
Your streams had e'en conveyed me there.

- 3 Lord, I adore thy matchless grace, Which warned me of that dark abyss, Which drew me from those treacherous seas, And bade me seek superior bliss.
- 4 Now to the shining realms above, I stretch my hands and glance my eyes; O for the pinions of a dove, To bear me to the upper skies!
- 5 There, from the bosom of my God, Oceans of endless pleasure roll; There would I fix my last abode, And drown the sorrows of my soul.

WATTS.

340.

L. M.

The Gospel Exemplified in the Conduct.

- So let our lips and lives express
 The holy gospel we profess;
 So let our works and virtues shine,
 To prove the doctrine all divine.
- 2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad The honors of our Saviour God: When his salvation reigns within, And grace subdues the power of sin.
- 3 Our flesh and sense must be denied, Passion and envy, lust and pride;

FIDELITY.

While justice, temperance, truth, and love, Our inward piety approve.

4 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,—
The bright appearance of the Lord,—
And faith stands leaning on his word.

WATTS.

341.

S. M.

Purity.

- 1 O, know ye not that ye
 The temple are of God?
 Revere the earth-built shrine, where he
 Should find a meet abode!
- Immortal man, keep pure
 Thyself, that mystic shrine;

 Let hate of all that 's dark endure,
 And love of all divine.
- 3 Let saintly thoughts be shown
 In act by saintly things;
 Like glories through the temple thrown,
 From cherub's curtained wings.
- 4 Let life, a holy stream,
 Its fountain holy show;
 Reflecting, with a softened gleam,
 Heaven's purity below.

JOHNS.

C. M.

Effort.

- 1 Scorn not the slightest word or deed, Nor deem it void of power; There 's fruit in each wind-wafted seed, That waits its natal hour.
- 2 A whispered word may touch the heart,
 And call it back to life;
 A look of love bid sin depart,
 And still unholy strife.
- 3 No act falls fruitless; none can tell
 How vast its power may be,
 Nor what results infolded dwell
 Within it silently.
- 4 Work on, despair not; bring thy mite,
 Nor care how small it be;
 God is with all that serve the right,
 The holy, true, and free.

BOOK OF HYMNS.

343.

C. M.

Influence.

1 What if the little rain should say, So small a drop as I Can ne'er refresh the thirsty fields,— I'll tarry in the sky?

24 *

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FIDELITY.

- 2 What if a shining beam of noon Should in its fountain stay, Because its feeble light alone Cannot create a day?
- 3 Does not each rain-drop help to form The cool, refreshing shower? And every ray of light, to warm And beautify the flower?
- 4 'T is thus the good each child may do,
 When many do their best,
 Will help to bring within our view
 The glory of the blest.

CUTTER.

344.

C. M.

As ye sow, so shall ye reap.

- 1 The bud will soon become a flower,
 The flower become a seed;
 Then seize, O youth, the present hour,—
 Of that thou hast most need.
- 2 Do thy best always, do it now, For in the present time, As in the furrows of a plough, Fall seeds of good or crime.
- 3 The sun and rain will ripen fast
 Each seed that thou hast sown;
 And every act and word at last
 By its own fruit be known.

FIDELITY.

4 And soon the harvest of thy toil Rejoicing thou shalt reap; Or o'er thy wild, neglected soil Go forth in shame to weep.

JONES VERY.

345.

S. M.

- 1 A CHARGE to keep I have; A God to glorify; A never-dying soul to save, And fit it for the sky.
- 2 To serve the present age,
 My calling to fulfil;
 O, may it all my powers engage
 To do my Master's will.
- 3 Arm me with jealous care,
 As in thy sight to live;
 And O thy servant, Lord, prepare
 A strict account to give.
- 4 Help me to watch and pray,
 And on thyself rely;
 Assured if I my trust betray,
 I shall forever die.

C. WESLEY.

FORGIVENESS.

346.

L. M.

Seeking Forgiveness.

- 1 O Thou that hear'st when sinners cry, Though all my crimes before thee lie, Behold them not with angry look, But blot their memory from thy book.
- 2 A broken heart, my God, my King, Is all the sacrifice I bring; The God of grace will ne'er despise A broken heart for sacrifice.
- 3 Create my nature pure within,
 And form my soul averse to sin:
 Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
 Nor hide thy presence from my heart.
- 4 I cannot live without thy light, Cast out and banished from thy sight: Thy holy joys, my God, restore, And guard me that I fall no more.

FORGIVENESS.

O, may thy love inspire my tongue,
 Salvation shall be all my song:
 And all my powers shall join to bless
 The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

WATTS.

347.

C. M.

Forgiveness of Injuries.

- When, for some little insult given,
 My angry passions rise,
 I'll think how Jesus came from heaven,
 And bore his injuries.
- 2 He was insulted every day, Though all his words were kind; But nothing men could do or say Disturbed his heavenly mind.
- 3 Not all the wicked scoffs he heard, Against the truths he taught, Excited one reviling word, Or one revengeful thought.
- 4 And when upon the cross he bled,
 With all his foes in view,
 "Father, forgive their sins," he said;
 "They know not what they do."
- Dear Jesus, may I learn of thee
 My temper to amend;
 And speak the pardoning word for me,
 Whenever I offend.

J. TAYLOR.

S. M.

Prayer for Pardon.

- Before thy mercy's throne, Thy succor, Lord, we seek;
 For thou art good and great alone;
 All helpless we, and weak.
- 2 Like sheep that go astray, Our wilful course we've run, From what thou wouldst, have turned away, And what thou wouldst not, done.
- 3 Guilt, like a heavy load,
 Upon our conscience lies;
 To thee we make our sorrows known,
 And lift our weeping eyes.
- 4 O, spare our sins confessed,
 The penitents restore;
 On them who turn to thee for rest,
 Thy healthful Spirit pour.
- 5 Pour, for the Saviour's sake, Thy blessing's heavenly dew On those who fain would sin forsake, And thy pure ways pursue.

L. M.

Forgive thy Foes.

- 1 Forgive thy foes; nor that alone;
 Their evil deeds with good repay;
 Fill those with joy who leave thee none,
 And kiss the hand upraised to slay.
- 2 So does the fragrant sandal bow,
 In meek forgiveness, to its doom;
 And o'er the axe, at every blow,
 Sheds in abundance rich perfume.
 Herbert Knowles.

350.

L. M.

Retirement and Meditation.

- 1 My God, permit me not to be A stranger to myself and thee; Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove, Forgetful of my highest love.
- 2 Why should my passions mix with earth, And thus debase my heavenly birth? Why should I cleave to things below, And let my God, my Saviour, go?
- 3 Call me away from flesh and sense;
 One sovereign word can draw me thence;
 I would obey the voice divine,
 And all inferior joys resign.
- 4 Be earth, with all her scenes, withdrawn;
 Let noise and vanity be gone;
 In secret silence of the mind,
 My heaven, and there my God, I find.

WATTS.

L. M.

Safety in the Cross.

- 1 Why droops my soul with grief oppressed? Why these wild tumults in my breast? Is there no balm to heal my wound, No kind physician to be found?
- 2 Yes, in the gospel's faithful lines, Jehovah's boundless mercy shines; There, dressed in love, the Saviour stands, With pitying heart and bleeding hands.
- 3 Raise to the cross thy weeping eyes;
 Behold the Prince of glory dies:
 He dies, extended on the tree;
 Thence sheds a sovereign balm for me.
- 4 Dear Saviour, at thy feet I lie, Here to receive a cure or die; But grace forbids that painful fear, Infinite grace, which triumphs here.
- 5 Expand, my soul, with holy joy, Hosannas be thy blest employ, Salvation thy eternal theme; And swell the song with Jesus' name.

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352.

C. P. M.

Contentment and Resignation.

- If solid happiness we prize,
 Within our breasts the jewel lies;
 Nor need we roam abroad:
 The world has little to bestow;
 From well-kept hearts our joys must flow,
 Hearts that delight in God.
- 2 Then let us, with a grateful mind, Take what our Father, ever kind, Doth graciously bestow; The blessings which he sends, enjoy, And in his praise find sweet employ, From whom our comforts flow.
- 3 To be resigned, when ills betide, Patient, when favors are denied, And pleased with favors given,— This is the wise, the virtuous part; This is that incense of the heart, Whose fragrance reaches heaven.

COTTON.

353.

L. M.

Self-Examination.

1 Return, my roving heart, return,
And life's vain shadows chase no more;
Seek out some solitude to mourn,
And thy forsaken God implore.

- 2 Wisdom and pleasure dwell at home; Retired and silent seek them there: True conquest is ourselves to o'ercome; True strength, to break the tempter's snare.
- 3 O thou great God, whose piercing eye
 Distinctly marks each deep retreat,
 In these sequestered hours draw nigh,
 And let me here thy presence meet.
- 4 Through all the windings of my heart, My search let heavenly wisdom guide; And still its radiant beams impart, Till all be searched and purified.
- 5 Then with the visits of thy love,
 Vouchsafe my inmost soul to cheer;
 Till every grace shall join to prove
 That God hath fixed his dwelling there.
 Doddrigge.

354.

C. P. M.

Unfading Beauty.

- 1 All earthly charms, however dear, Howe'er they please the eye or ear, Will quickly fade and fly; Of earthly glory faint the blaze, And soon the transitory rays In endless darkness die.
- 2 The nobler beauties of the just Shall never moulder in the dust,

Or know a sad decay;
Their honors time and death defy,
And round the throne of heaven on high
Beam everlasting day.

REV. H. MOORE.

355.

S. M.

- Thy name, Almighty Lord, Shall sound through distant lands;
 Great is thy grace, and sure thy word;
 Thy truth forever stands.
- 2 Far be thine honor spread,
 And long thy praise endure,
 Till morning light and evening shade
 Shall be exchanged no more.

WATTS.

356.

7 s. M.

God's Blessing sought in Prayer.

- 1 Come, my soul, thy suit prepare, To thy God direct thy prayer; In his word he bids thee pray, Therefore come without delay.
- 2 Lord! I come to thee for rest, Take possession of my breast; There thy sovereign right maintain, And without a rival reign.

- 3 While I am a pilgrim here, Let thy love my spirit cheer; As my guide, my guard, my friend, Lead me to my journey's end.
- 4 Show me what I have to do, Every hour my strength renew; Let me live a life of faith, Let me die thy people's death.

NEWTON.

357.

L. M.

Pleasure of Communing with God.

- 1 How sweet to leave the world awhile, And seek the presence of our Lord! Dear Saviour, on thy people smile, And come according to thy word.
- 2 From busy scenes we now retreat,That we may here converse with thee;O Lord, behold us at thy feet!Let this the gate of heaven be.
- 3 Come, blest Redeemer, now appear;
 May we by faith behold thy face!
 O speak, that we thy voice may hear,
 And let thy presence fill this place!

 Kelly.

358.

L. M.

The Hour of Prayer.

Blest hour! when mortal man retires
 To hold communion with his God,
 To send to heaven his warm desires,
 And listen to the sacred word.

- 2 Blest hour! when God himself draws nigh, Well pleased his children's voice to hear, To list the penitential sigh, And wipe away the mourner's tear.
- 3 Blest hour! for then, where he resorts,
 Foretastes of future bliss are given,
 And mortals find his earthly courts
 The house of God,—the gate of heaven.
- 4 Hail, peaceful hour! supremely blest,
 Amid the hours of worldly care;
 The hour that yields the spirit rest,
 That sacred hour,—the hour of prayer.
- 5 And when my hours of prayer are past, And this frail tenement decays, Then may I spend in heaven at last A never-ending hour of praise.

RAFFLES.

359.

7 & 6 s. M.

Prayer.

1 Go, when the morning shineth,
Go, when the noon is bright,
Go, when the eve declineth,
Go, in the hush of night;
Go, with pure mind and feeling,
Put earthly thoughts away,
And, in God's presence kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray.

- 2 Remember all who love thee,
 All who are loved by thee;
 Pray, too, for those who hate thee,
 If any such there be;
 Then for thyself, in meekness,
 A blessing humbly claim,
 And blend with each petition
 Thy great Redeemer's name.
- 3 Or, if 't is e'er denied thee
 In solitude to pray,
 Should holy thoughts come o'er thee
 When friends are round thy way,
 E'en then, the silent breathing
 Thy spirit lifts above
 Will reach his throne of glory,
 Where dwells eternal love.
- 4 O, not a joy or blessing
 With this can we compare,—
 The grace our Father gives us
 To pour our souls in prayer!
 Whene'er thou pin'st in sadness,
 On him who saveth, call;
 And ever in thy gladness,
 Thank him who gave thee all.

C. M.

What is Prayer.

1 Prayer is the soul's sincere desire, Uttered or unexpressed;

The motion of a hidden fire That trembles in the breast.

- 2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh, The falling of a tear; The upward glancing of an eye, When none but God is near.
- 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
 That infant lips can try;
 Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
 The Majesty on high.
- 4 O Thou, by whom we come to God, The Life, the Truth, the Way, The path of prayer thyself hast trod; Lord, teach us how to pray!

MONTGOMERY.

361.

C. M.

Communing with God in Retirement.

- 1 FAR from the world, O Lord! I flee, From strife and tumult far: From scenes where Satan wages still His most successful war.
- 2 The calm retreat, the silent shade, With prayer and praise agree; And seem, by thy sweet bounty, made For those who follow thee.

- 3 There, if thy Spirit touch the soul,
 And grace her mean abode,
 O, with what peace, and joy, and love,
 She then communes with God!
- 4 Author and Guardian of my life, —
 Sweet Source of light divine, —
 And all harmonious names in one —
 Blest Saviour! thou art mine.
- 5 What thanks I owe thee, and what love!
 A boundless, endless store,
 Thy praise shall sound through realms above,
 When time shall be no more.

362. C. M.

- 1 Sweet is the prayer whose holy stream
 In earnest pleading flows:
 Devotion dwells upon the theme,
 And warm and warmer glows.
- 2 Faith grasps the blessing she desires, Hope points the upward gaze; And love, untrembling love, inspires The eloquence of praise.
- But sweeter far the still small voice, Heard by no human ear,
 When God hath made the heart rejoice, And dried the bitter tear.

4 Nor accents flow, nor words ascend;
All utterance faileth there;
But listening spirits comprehend,
And God accepts the prayer.

ANON.

363.

S. M.

- Come to the morning prayer,
 Come, let us kneel and pray, —
 Prayer is the Christian pilgrim's staff,
 To walk with God all day.
- 2 At noon, beneath the Rock Of Ages, rest and pray;
 Sweet is that shelter from the heat,
 When the sun smiles by day.
- 3 At evening, shut thy door, Round the home altar pray; And finding there the house of God, At heaven's gate close the day.
- When midnight veils our eyes,
 O, it is sweet to say,
 I sleep, but my heart waketh, Lord,
 With thee to watch and pray!

364.

L. M.

Encouragement to Prayer.

1 Sing to the Lord, who loud proclaims His various and his saving names;

O, may they not be heard alone, But by our sure experience known.

- 2 Through every age his gracious ear
 Is open to his servants' prayer;
 Nor can one humble soul complain,
 That he has sought his God in vain.
- 3 What unbelieving heart shall dare In whispers to suggest a fear? While still he owns his ancient name, The same his power,—his love the same!
- 4 To thee our souls in faith arise,
 To thee we lift expecting eyes;
 We boldly through the desert tread,
 For God will guard where God shall lead.

365.

C. M.

Aspiration.

- 1 The dove, let loose in Eastern skies, When hastening fondly home, Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies Where idle warblers roam:
- 2 But high she shoots through air and light, Above all low delay, Where nothing earthly bounds her flight, Nor shadow dims her way.
- 3 So grant me, Lord, from every snare And stain of passion free, Aloft, through virtue's purer air, To urge my course to thee:
- 4 No sin to cloud, no lure to stay My soul, as home she springs; Thy sunshine on her joyful way, Thy freedom in her wings!

T. MOORE.

7 & 6 s. M.

Looking Heavenward.

- 1 From every earthly pleasure,
 From every transient joy,
 From every mortal treasure
 That soon will fade and die;
 No longer these desiring,
 Upward our wishes tend,
 To nobler bliss aspiring,
 And joys that never end.
- 2 From every piercing sorrow
 That heaves our breast to-day,
 Or threatens us to-morrow,
 Hope turns our eyes away;
 On wings of faith ascending,
 We see the land of light,
 And feel our sorrows ending
 In infinite delight.
- 3 'T is true we are but strangers
 And pilgrims here below,
 And countless snares and dangers
 Surround the path we go:
 Though painful and distressing,
 Yet there's a rest above;
 And onward still we're pressing
 To reach that land of love.

CH. PSALMIST.

C. M.

The True Christian's Desire.

- 1 O, COULD I find, from day to day,
 A nearness to my God!
 Then should my hours glide sweet away,
 While leaning on his word.
- 2 Lord. I desire with thee to live Anew from day to day, In joys the world can never give, Nor ever take away.
- 3 Blest Jesus, come, and rule my heart,
 And make me wholly thine,
 That I may never more depart,
 Nor grieve thy love divine.
- 4 Thus, till my last expiring breath,
 Thy goodness I 'll adore;
 And when my frame dissolves in death,
 My soul shall love thee more.

CH. PSALMODY.

368.

7 & 6 s. M.

Aspirations for Heaven.

1 Rise, my soul! and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things
Toward heaven, thy native place!

Sun and moon and stars decay,
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul! and haste away
To seats prepared above.

- 2 Rivers to the ocean run,
 Nor stay in all their course;
 Fire, ascending, seeks the sun,—
 Both speed them to their source;
 So a soul that's born of God
 Pants to view his glorious face,
 Upward tends to his abode,
 To rest in his embrace.
- 3 Cease, ye pilgrims! cease to mourn,
 Press onward to the prize;
 Soon the Saviour will return,
 Triumphant in the skies:
 Yet a season,—and, you know,
 Happy entrance will be given;
 All our sorrows left below,
 And earth exchanged for heaven.

CENNICK.

369.

C. M.

The Heavenly Jerusalem.

1 Jerusalem! my glorious home! Name ever dear to me! When shall my labors have an end, In joy and peace, in thee?

- 2 O when, thou city of my God, Shall I thy courts ascend, Where congregations ne'er break up, And Sabbaths have no end?
- 3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
 No sin nor sorrow know:
 Blest seats! through rude and stormy scenes,
 I onward press to you.
- 4 Why should I shrink at pain and woe?
 Or feel at death dismay?
 I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
 And realms of endless day.
- 5 Jerusalem! my glorious home! My soul still pants for thee; Then shall my labors have an end, When I thy joys shall see.

CH. PSALMODY.

370.

C. M.

Breathing after Holiness.

- 1 O THAT the Lord would guide my ways
 To keep his statutes still;
 O that my God would grant me grace
 To know and do his will.
- 2 O, send thy Spirit down to write Thy law upon my heart; Nor let my tongue indulge deceit, Nor act the liar's part.

26 *

- 3 From vanity turn off mine eyes; Let no corrupt design Nor covetous desires arise Within this soul of mine.
- 4 Order my footsteps by thy word, And make my heart sincere; Let sin have no dominion, Lord! But keep my conscience clear.
- 5 Make me to walk in thy commands,— 'T is a delightful road; Nor let my head, or heart, or hands, Offend against my God.
 WATTS.

371. L. M.

The Influence of the Spirit invoked.

- 1 Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove, With light and comfort from above; Be thou our Guardian, thou our Guide; O'er every thought and step preside.
- 2 To us the light of truth display, And make us know and choose thy way; Plant holy fear in every heart, That we from God may ne'er depart.
- 3 Lead us to holiness,—the road
 Which we must take to dwell with God;
 Lead us to Christ,—the living way;
 Nor let us from his pastures stray;—

4 Lead us to God, — our final rest, —
To be with him forever blest;
Lead us to heaven, its bliss to share, —
Fulness of joy forever there.

BROWNE.

372.

L. M.

Choice of the Better Part.

- 1 Beset with snares on every hand, In life's uncertain path I stand; Saviour divine, diffuse thy light, To guide my doubtful footsteps right.
- 2 Engage this roving, treacherous heart To fix on Mary's better part, To scorn the trifles of a day, For joys that none can take away.
- 3 Then let the wildest storms arise, Let tempests mingle earth and skies, No fatal shipwreck shall I fear, But all my treasures with me bear.

DODDRIDGE.

373.

C. M.

The Joys of Heaven.

1 Come, Lord! and warm each languid heart, Inspire each lifeless tongue, And let the joys of heaven impart Their influence to our song.

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- 2 Then to the shining realms of bliss On wings of faith we'll soar, And all the charms of paradise Our raptured thoughts explore.
- 3 Sorrow and pain, and fears and care, And discord there shall cease, And perfect joy and love sincere Adorn the realms of peace.
- 4 There shall the followers of the Lamb Join in immortal songs; And endless honors to his name Employ their tuneful tongues.
- 5 Lord! tune our hearts to praise and love, —
 Our feeble notes inspire;
 Till in thy blissful courts above,
 We join the heavenly choir.

STEELE.

374.

S. M.

Influences of the Spirit invoked.

- COME, Holy Spirit, come!
 Let thy bright beams arise:
 Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
 The darkness from our eyes.
- Convince us of our sin,
 Then lead to Jesus' blood;

 And to our wondering view reveal
 The mercies of our God.

- 3 Revive our drooping faith, Our doubts and fears remove; And kindle in our breasts the flame Of never-dying love.
- 4 'T is thine to cleanse the heart,
 To sanctify the soul,
 To pour fresh life in every part,
 And new-create the whole.
- Dwell, Spirit, in our hearts;
 Our minds from bondage free;
 Then shall we know, and praise, and love,
 The Father, Son, and Thee.

HART.

375.

L. M.

- 1 Man has a soul of vast desires; He burns within with restless fires; Tossed to and fro, his passions fly From vanity to vanity.
- 2 In vain on earth we hope to find Some solid good to fill the mind; We try new pleasures, but we feel The inward thirst and torment still.
- 3 So, when a raging fever burns,
 We shift from side to side, by turns;
 And 't is a poor relief we gain,
 To change the place, but keep the pain.

4 Great God, subdue this vicious thirst,
This love to vanity and dust;
Cure the vile fever of the mind,
And feed our souls with joys refined.

WATTS.

376.

L. M.

Communion with Christ in Worship.

- 1 FAR from my thoughts, vain world, begone! Let my religious hours alone: Fain would mine eyes my Saviour see; I wait a visit, Lord, from thee.
- 2 My heart grows warm with holy fire, And kindles with a pure desire: Come, my dear Jesus! from above, And feed my soul with heavenly love.
- 3 Blest Saviour! what delicious fare, How sweet thine entertainments are! Never did angels taste, above, Redeeming grace and dying love.
- 4 Hail, great Immanuel, all-divine!
 In thee thy Father's glories shine:
 Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest One
 That eyes have seen, or angels known!

WATTS.

377.

S. M.

Seeking God.

- My God, permit my tongue This joy, to call thee mine;
 And let my early cries prevail,
 To taste thy love divine.
- 2 For life, without thy love,
 No relish can afford;
 No joy can be compared with this,
 To serve and please the Lord.
- In wakeful hours of night,
 I call my God to mind;
 I think how wise thy counsels are,
 And all thy dealings kind.
- 4 Since thou hast been my help, To thee my spirit flies; And on thy watchful providence My cheerful hope relies.
- The shadow of thy wings
 My soul in safety keeps;
 I'll follow where my Father leads,
 For he'll support my steps.

WATTS.

378.

S. M.

Purity.

1 O, KNOW ye not that ye The temple are of God?

Revere the earth-built shrine, where he Should find a meet abode!

- 2 Immortal man, keep pure Thyself, that mystic shrine; Let hate of all that 's dark endure, And love of all divine.
- 3 Let saintly thoughts be shown In act by saintly things; Like glories through the temple thrown, From cherub's curtained wings.
- 4 Let life, a holy stream,
 Its fountain holy show;
 Reflecting, with a softened gleam,
 Heaven's purity below.

JOHNS.

379.

L. M.

Gratitude for the Saviour.

- 1 Now let my soul, eternal King! To thee its grateful tribute bring: My knee with humble homage bow; My tongue perform its solemn vow.
- 2 All nature sings thy boundless love, In words below, and worlds above: But in thy blessed word I trace Diviner wonders of thy grace.
- 3 There what delightful truths I read, There I behold the Saviour bleed:

His name salutes my listening ear, Revives my heart, and checks my fear.

- 4 There Jesus bids my sorrows cease, And gives my laboring conscience peace; Raises my grateful passions high, And points to mansions in the sky.
- 5 For love like this, O let my song,
 Through endless years thy praise prolong;
 Let distant climes thy name adore,
 Till time and nature are no more.

 HEGINBOTHAM.

380. L. M.

Glory and Grace in Christ.

- 1 Now to the Lord a noble song! Awake, my soul! awake, my tongue! Hosanna to the eternal name, And all his boundless love proclaim.
- 2 See where it shines in Jesus' face, The brightest image of his grace! God, in the person of his Son, Has all his mightiest works outdone.
- 3 Grace!—'t is a sweet, a charming theme;
 My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name:
 Ye angels! dwell upon the sound;
 Ye heavens! reflect it to the ground.

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4 O, may I reach that happy place
Where he unveils his lovely face;
Where all his beauties you behold,
And sing his name to harps of gold.

WATTS.

381.

C. M.

Prayer for Wisdom.

- FATHER of light! conduct our feet
 Through life's dark, dangerous road;
 Let each advancing step still bring
 Us nearer to our God.
- 2 Let heaven-eyed prudence be our guide; And when we go astray, Recall our feet from folly's paths To wisdom's better way.
- 3 That heavenly wisdom from above Abundantly impart; And let it guard, and guide, and warm, And penetrate each heart;
- 4 Till it shall lead us to thyself,
 Fountain of bliss and love!
 And all our darkness be dispersed
 In endless light above.

SMART.

382.

C. M.

The Joys of Heaven.

- 1 Nor eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard, Nor sense nor reason known What joys the Father has prepared For those that love his Son.
 - 2 But the good Spirit of the Lord Reveals a heaven to come; The beams of glory in his word Allure and guide us home.
 - 3 Pure are the joys above the sky,
 And all the region peace;
 No wanton lips, nor envious eye
 Can see or taste the bliss.
 - 4 Those holy gates forever bar Pollution, sin, and shame; None shall obtain admittance there But followers of the Lamb.

383.

C. M.

Lord's Day Morning.

- 1 Again the Lord of life and light Awakes the kindling ray; Unseals the eyelids of the morn, And pours increasing day.
- 2 O, what a night was that which wrapt
 The heathen world in gloom!O, what a sun which broke, this day,
 Triumphant from the tomb!
- 3 This day be grateful homage paid, And loud hosannas sung; Let gladness dwell in every heart, And praise on every tongue.
- 4 Ten thousand differing lips shall join
 To hail this welcome morn;
 Which scatters blessings from its wings
 To nations yet unborn.

BARBAULD.

384.

L. M.

- WE bless thee for this sacred day,
 Thou who hast every blessing given,
 Which sends the dreams of earth away,
 And yields a glimpse of opening heaven.
- 2 Rich day of holy, thoughtful rest! May we improve thy calm repose, And, in God's service truly blest, Forget the world, its joys, its woes.
- 3 Lord! may thy truth upon the heart Now fall and dwell as heavenly dew, And flowers of grace in freshness start Where once the weeds of error grew.
- 4 May prayer now lift her sacred wings, Contented with that aim alone Which bears her to the King of kings, And rests her at his sheltering throne.

385.

C. M.

The Lord's Day.

1 When the worn spirit wants repose,
And sighs her God to seek;
How sweet to hail the evening's close,
That ends the weary week!

27 *

- 2 How sweet to hail the early dawn, That opens on my sight; When first the soul-reviving morn Beams its new rays of light!
- 3 Sweet day, thine hours too soon will cease, Yet while they gently roll, Breathe, heavenly Spirit, source of peace, A Sabbath o'er my soul.
- 4 When will my pilgrimage be done, The world's long week be o'er; That Sabbath dawn which needs no sun, That day which fades no more?

EDIN. COLL.

386. H. M.

- Welcome, delightful morn,
 Thou day of sacred rest;
 I hail thy kind return; —
 Lord, make these moments blest:
 From the low train of mortal toys,
 I soar to reach immortal joys.
- 2 Now may the King descend
 And fill his throne with grace;
 Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,
 While saints address thy face:
 Let sinners feel thy quickening word,
 And learn to know and fear the Lord.

3 Descend, celestial Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Disclose a Saviour's love,
And bless the sacred hours:
Then shall my soul new life obtain,
Nor Sabbaths be enjoyed in vain.

HAYWARD.

387.

C. M.

- 1 How sweet, how calm, this Sabbath morn! How pure the air that breathes, And soft the sounds upon it borne, And light its vapors wreaths!
- 2 It seems as if the Christian's prayer,
 For peace, and joy, and love,
 Were answered by the very air
 That wafts its strain above.
- 3 Let each unholy passion cease,
 Each evil thought be crushed,
 Each anxious care that mars thy peace
 In Faith and Love be hushed.

388.

C. M.

1 BLEST day of God! most calm, most bright,
The first and best of days;
The laborer's rest, the saint's delight,
The day of prayer and praise.

- 2 My Saviour's face made thee to shine; His rising thee did raise; And made thee heavenly and divine Beyond all other days.
- 3 The first-fruits oft a blessing prove To all the sheaves behind; And they who do the Sabbath love, A happy week will find.
- 4 This day I must to God appear;
 For, Lord, the day is thine;
 Help me to spend it in thy fear,
 And thus to make it mine.

CODMAN'S COLL.

389.

L. M.

- 1 O SACRED day of peace and joy, Thy hours are ever dear to me; Ne'er may a sinful thought destroy The holy calm I find in thee.
- 2 Dear are thy peaceful hours to me, For God has given them in his love, To tell how calm, how blest shall be The endless day of heaven above.

390.

L. M.

1 Dear is the hallowed morn to me, When Sabbath bells awake the day, And, by their sacred minstrelsy, Call me from earthly cares away.

- 2 And dear to me the winged hour Spent in thy hallowed courts, O Lord! To feel devotion's soothing power And eatch the manna of thy word.
- 3 And dear to me the loud Amen
 Which echoes through the blest abode,
 Which swells, and sinks, and swells again,
 Dies on the walls, but lives to God.
- 4 Oft when the world, with iron hands,
 Has bound me in its six days' chain,
 This bursts them, like the strong man's bands,
 And lets my spirit loose again.
- 5 Go, man of pleasure, strike thy lyre,
 Of broken Sabbaths sing the charms;
 Ours be the prophet's car of fire
 That bears us to a Father's arms.

CUNNINGHAM.

391.

C. M.

- 1 SLEEP, sleep to-day, tormenting cares
 Of earth and folly born;
 Ye shall not dim the light that streams
 From this celestial morn.
- 2 To-morrow will be time enough
 To feel your harsh control;
 Ye shall not violate this day,
 The Sabbath of the soul.

3 Sleep, sleep forever, guilty thoughts; Let fires of vengeance die; And, purged from sin, may I behold A God of purity!

BARBAULD.

392.

S. M.

The Lord's Day welcomed.

- Welcome, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord arise,
 Welcome to this reviving breast, And these rejoicing eyes.
- The king himself comes near,
 And feasts his saints to-day;
 Here we may sit, and see him here,
 And love, and praise, and pray.
- 3 One day, amid the place
 Where God, my God, hath been,
 Is sweeter than ten thousand days,
 Within the tents of sin.

393.

8 & 7 s. M.

Lord's Day Morning.

1 Welcome, welcome, quiet morning!
Welcome is this holy day;
Now the sacred morn, returning,
Says a week has passed away.

Let me think how time is passing; Soon the longest life departs; Nothing human is abiding, Save the love of humble hearts.

- 2 Love to God, and to our neighbor, Makes our purest happiness;
 Vain the wish, the care, the labor, Earth's poor trifles to possess.
 Swift my life's vain dreams are passing;
 Like the startled dove they fly,
 Or the clouds each other chasing
 Over yonder quiet sky.
- 3 Father, now one prayer I raise thee:
 Give an humble, grateful heart;
 Never let me cease to praise thee,
 Never from thy fear depart.
 Then, when years have gathered o'er me,
 And the world is sunk in shade,
 Heaven's bright realm will rise before me;
 There my treasure will be laid.

394.

L. M.

The Sabbath.

- 1 Another six days' work is done; Another Sabbath is begun; Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest; Improve the day thy God hath blessed.
- 2 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise, As grateful incense to the skies;

And draw from heaven that sweet repose, Which none but he that feels it knows!

- 3 This heavenly calm within the breast, Is the dear pledge of glorious rest, Which for the Church of God remains; The end of cares, the end of pains.
- 4 In holy duties let the day,
 In holy pleasures, pass away;
 How sweet, a Sabbath thus to spend,
 In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

395.

7 & 6 s. M.

A Bright Sabbath Morning.

- 1 The rosy light is dawning
 Upon the mountain's brow;
 It is the Sabbath morning,
 Arise and pay thy vow.
 Lift up thy voice to heaven
 In sacred praise and prayer,
 While unto thee is given
 The light of life to share.
- 2 The landscape, lately shrouded
 By evening's paler ray,
 Smiles beauteous and unclouded,
 Before the eye of day:
 So let our souls, benighted
 Too long in folly's shade,
 By thy kind smiles be lighted
 To joys that never fade.

3 O, see those waters streaming
In crystal purity;
While earth with verdure teeming,
Gives rapture to the eye,
Let rivers of salvation,
In larger currents flow,
Till every tribe and nation
Their healing virtues know.

396.

7 s. M.

- 1 Softly fades the twilight ray
 Of the holy Sabbath day;
 Gently as life's setting sun,
 When the Christian's course is run.
- 2 Night her solemn mantle spreads O'er the earth as daylight fades; All things tell of calm repose At the holy Sabbath's close.
- 3 Peace is on the world abroad;
 "T is the holy peace of God,—
 Symbol of the peace within,
 When the spirit rests from sin.
- 4 Still the Spirit lingers near, Where the evening worshipper Seeks communion with the skies, Pressing onward to the prize.

28

5 Saviour, may our Sabbaths be
Days of peace and joy in thee,
Till in heaven our souls repose,
Where the Sabbath ne'er shall close.

S. F. SMITH.

397.

L. M.

Sabbath Evening.

- THERE is a time when moments flow More happily than all beside;
 It is, of all the times below,
 A Sabbath at the eventide.
- 2 O, then the setting sun shines fair,
 And all below and all above
 The various forms of Nature wear,—
 One universal garb of love.
- 3 And then the peace that Jesus brought, The life of grace eternal beams, And we, by his example taught, Improve the life his love redeems.
- 4 Delightful scene! a world at rest;
 A God all love; no grief, no fear;
 A heavenly hope, a peaceful breast,
 A smile, unsullied by a tear.

ANON.

HEAVEN.

398.

L. M.

Heaven.

- 1 There is a region, lovelier far
 Than sages tell or poets sing;
 Brighter than summer's beauties are,
 And softer than the tints of spring.
- 2 It is not found by summer's gale, 'T is not refreshed by vernal showers, It never needs the moonbeam pale,— For there are known no evening hours.
- 3 No; for this world is ever bright
 With a pure radiance all its own:
 The streams of uncreated light
 Flow round it from the eternal throne.
- 4 It is all holy and serene,

 The land of glory and repose;

 No cloud obscures the radiant scene,

 There not a tear of sorrow flows.

HEAVEN.

5 In vain the philosophic eye
May seek to view the fair abode,
Or find it in the curtained sky:
It is — the DWELLING-PLACE OF GOD.

CHRISTIAN HARP.

399.

C. M.

Heaven.

- HARK! from that glorious world, what songs
 Those heavenly voices raise;
 Ten thousand thousand infant tongues
 Unite in perfect praise.
- 2 Those are the hymns that we shall know, If Jesus we obey; That is the place where we shall go, If found in wisdom's way.
- 3 This is the joy we ought to seek,
 And make our chief concern;
 For this we come from week to week
 To read, and hear, and learn.
- 4 Our earthly race will soon be run, Our mortal frame decay; Scholars and teachers, one by one, Must droop and pass away.
- 5 Great God! impress the serious thought Each day on every breast;
 That both the teachers and the taught May enter to thy rest.

398

400.

7 s. M.

Heaven.

- 1 High in yonder realms of light,
 Dwell the raptured saints above,
 Far beyond our feeble sight,
 Happy in Immanuel's love!
 Pilgrims in this vale of tears,
 Once they knew, like us below,
 Gloomy doubts, distressing fears,
 Torturing pain and heavy woe.
- 2 But these days of sorrow o'er, Past this scene of toil and pain, They shall feel distress no more, Never, — never weep again! Happy spirits! ye are fled Where no grief can entrance find; Lulled to rest the aching head, Soothed the anguish of the mind.
- 3 All is tranquil and serene,
 Calm and undisturbed repose,—
 There no cloud can intervene,—
 There no angry tempest blows:
 Every tear is wiped away,
 Sighs no more shall heave the breast;
 Night is lost in endless day,
 Sorrow, in eternal rest.

RAFFLES.

401.

7 s. M.

The Joys of Heaven alone Perfect.

- 1 Providence, profusely kind,
 Wheresoe'er we turn our eyes,
 Bids us, with a grateful mind,
 View a thousand blessings rise.
- 2 But, perhaps, some friendly voice Softly whispers to our mind, Make not these alone your choice, Heaven has blessings more refined.
- 3 Thankful own what you enjoy;
 But a changing world like this,
 Where a thousand fears annoy,
 Cannot give you perfect bliss.
- 4 Perfect bliss resides above,
 Far above yon azure sky;
 Bliss that merits all your love,
 Merits every anxious sigh.

402.

C. M.

Heaven anticipated.

1 THERE is an hour of peaceful rest, To mourning wanderers given: There is a joy for souls distressed, A balm for every wounded breast, 'T is found above, — in heaven.

HEAVEN.

- 2 There is a home for weary souls, By sin and sorrow driven; When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals, Where storms arise and ocean rolls, And all is drear but heaven.
- 3 There, Faith lifts up her cheerful eye,
 To brighter prospects given;
 And views the tempest passing by,
 The evening shadows quickly fly,
 And all serene in heaven.
- 4 There, fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
 And joys supreme are given;
 There, rays divine disperse the gloom;
 Beyond the confines of the tomb,
 Appears the dawn of heaven.

TAPPAN.

CONSCIENCE.

403.

7 s. M.

Conscience.

- 1 When a foolish thought within Tries to take us in a snare, Conscience tells us, "It is sin," And entreats us to beware.
- 2 In the morning, when we rise,
 And would fain omit to pray,
 "Child, consider," conscience cries,
 "Should not God be sought to-day?"
- 3 If in something we transgress,
 And are tempted to deny,
 Conscience says, "Your fault confess,
 Do not dare to tell a lie."
- 4 When our angry passions rise,
 Tempting to revenge an ill;
 "Now subdue it," conscience cries,
 "And command your temper still."

CONSCIENCE.

- 5 Thus, without our will or choice, This good monitor within, With a secret, warning voice, Warns us to beware of sin.
- 6 But if we should disregard,
 While this friendly voice would call;
 Conscience soon would grow so hard
 That it would not speak at all.

ANON.

404.

L. M.

A Happy Life.

- 1 How happy is he born and taught, Who serveth not another's will; Whose armor is his honest thought, And simple truth his utmost skill!
- 2 Whose passions not his masters are, Whose soul is still prepared for death, Untied to this vain world by care Of public fame or private breath;
- 3 Who hath his life from rumors freed,
 Whose conscience is his strong retreat,
 Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
 Nor ruin make oppressors great;
- 4 Who God doth late and early pray
 More of his grace than gifts to lend;
 To crave for less, and more obey,
 Nor dare with Heaven's high will contend.

CONSCIENCE.

5 This man is freed from servile bands Of hope to rise or fear to fall; Lord of himself, though not of lands, And, having nothing, yet hath all.

HENRY WOTTON.

CALL TO LABOR.

405.

8 & 7 s. M.

Life's Work.

- 1 All around us, fair with flowers, Fields of beauty sleeping lie; All around us clarion voices Call to duty, stern and high.
- 2 Thankfully we will rejoice in
 All the beauty God has given;
 But beware it does not win us
 From the work ordained of Heaven.
- 3 Following every voice of mercy
 With a trusting, loving heart,
 Let us in life's earnest labor
 Still be sure to do our part.
- 4 Now, to-day, and not to-morrow, Let us work with all our might, Lest the wretched faint and perish In the coming stormy night.

CALL TO LABOR.

5 Now, to-day, and not to-morrow, — Lest, before to-morrow's sun, We too, mournfully departing, Shall have left our work undone.

406.

7 s. M.

The Christian Warfare.

- 1 Christian soldiers, wake to glory!
 Hark, your Leader bids you rise;
 See the crown of life before ye,
 March to seize the heavenly prize.
- 2 Let the hope of full salvation, Helmet-like, your head adorn; Be the gospel's preparation On your feet like sandals worn.
- 3 Let your loins around be girded
 By the truth your lips profess,
 From your breast be danger warded
 By the plate of righteousness.
- 4 Let your prayers ascend with fervor,
 Without ceasing to the Lord:
 Not an unconcerned observer,
 Timely succor he'll afford.
- 5 Faith and hope must never languish, All your cares upon him cast: He'll enable you to vanquish Every enemy at last.

CH. LYRICS.

407.

L. M.

A Morning Invocation.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun, Thy daily stage of duty run; Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise, To pay thy morning sacrifice.
- 2 Thy precious time, misspent, redeem; Each present day thy last esteem; Improve thy talent with due care, And for eternity prepare.
- 3 In conversation be sincere. Keep conscience, as the noontide, clear; Think how the all-seeing God thy ways And all thy secret thoughts surveys.
- 4 Lord! I my vows to thee renew; Scatter my sins like morning dew; Guard my first springs of thought and will, And with thyself my spirit fill.
- 5 Direct, control, suggest this day, All I design, or do, or say; That all my powers, with all their might, In thy sole glory may unite.

KENN.

THE GRACE OF GIVING.

408.

C. M.

Compassion and Charity.

- 1 Blest is the man whose softening heart Feels all another's pain; To whom the supplicating eye Is never raised in vain;—
- 2 Whose breast expands with generous warmth, A brother's woes to feel, And bleeds in pity o'er the wound He wants the power to heal.
- 3 He spreads his kind supporting arms To every child of grief; His secret bounty largely flows, And brings unasked relief.
- 4 To gentle offices of love
 His feet are never slow;
 He views, through mercy's melting eye,
 A brother in a foe.

THE GRACE OF GIVING.

5 To him protection shall be shown,—
And mercy from above
Descend on him who thus fulfils
The perfect law of love.

BARBAULD.

409.

C. M.

Blessedness of the Merciful.

- 1 BLEST is the man whose liberal heart
 Feels for the suffering poor;
 Who freely gives, for their relief,
 His counsel and his store.
- 2 To him the Lord, in troublous times, Will sure deliverance send; His life prolong on earth, and bless, And from his foes defend.
- 3 When, on the bed of languishing,
 His mortal hour is come,
 The Lord will soothe his dying pains,
 And take the sufferer home.
- 4 The Lord of heaven loves liberal souls,—
 Their hearts are like his own:
 Heaven is the home of those who breathe
 The mercy of his throne.
 E. J. FITCH.

410.

L. M.

The Blessings of Beneficence.

- 1 Thrice happy man who fears the Lord, Loves his commands, and trusts his word; Honor and peace his days attend, And blessings to his seed descend.
- 2 Compassion dwells upon his mind, To works of mercy still inclined; He lends the poor some present aid, Or gives them, not to be repaid.
- 3 His soul, well-fixed upon the Lord, Draws heavenly courage from his word; Amid the darkness, light shall rise, To cheer his heart and bless his eyes.
- 4 He hath dispersed his alms abroad; His works are still before his God; His name on earth shall long remain, Nor shall his hope of heaven be vain.

WATTS.

411.

C. M.

Kindness to the Poor.

 How blest is he who fears the Lord, And follows his commands,
 Who lends the poor without reward, Or gives with liberal hands.

THE GRACE OF GIVING.

- 2 As pity dwells within his breast To all the sons of need, So God shall answer his request With blessings on his seed.
- 3 In times of danger and distress, Some beams of light shall shine, To show the world his righteousness, And give him peace divine.
- 4 His works of piety and love Remain before the Lord: Sweet peace on earth, and joys above, Shall be his sure reward.

WATTS.

412.

C. M.

The Good Man.

- 1 Happy the man whose cautious steps Still keep the golden mean; Whose life, by wisdom's rules well formed, Declares a conscience clean.
- 2 While what kind Heaven on him bestows, He takes with thankful heart: His breast expands to others' wants, And gives the poor a part.
- 3 To sect or party his large soul Disdains to be confined: The good he loves, of every name, And prays for all mankind.

THE GRACE OF GIVING.

- 4 His business is to keep his heart;
 Each passion to control;
 Nobly ambitious well to rule
 The empire of his soul.
- Not on the world his heart is set,
 His treasure is above;
 Nothing beneath the sovereign good
 Can claim his highest love.
 Needham.

413.

L. M.

The Living and the Dead.

- 1 Where are the dead? In heaven or hell Their disembodied spirits dwell; Their perished forms, in bonds of clay, Reserved until the judgment day.
- 2 Who are the dead? the sons of time, In every age, and state and clime; Renowned, dishonored, or forgot, The place that knew them, knows them not.
- 3 Where are the living? on the ground Where prayer is heard and mercy found Where in the compass of a span, The mortal makes the immortal man.
- 4 Who are the living?—they whose breath Draws every moment nigh to death:
 Of endless bliss or woe the heirs,
 O, what an awful lot is theirs!

5 Then, timely warned, let us begin To follow Christ and flee from sin; Daily grow up in him our Head, Lord of the living and the dead.

414.

S. M.

The Issues of Life and Death.

- O, WHERE shall rest be found, —
 Rest for the weary soul?
 T were vain the ocean depths to sound,
 Or pierce to either pole.
- 2 The world can never giveThe bliss for which we sigh:'T is not the whole of life to live,Nor all of death to die.
- 3 Beyond this vale of tears, There is a life above, Unmeasured by the flight of years; And all that life is love.
- 4 There is a death whose pang Outlasts the fleeting breath: O, what eternal horrors hang Around the second death!
- 5 Lord God of truth and grace,
 Teach us that death to shun,
 Lest we be banished from thy face,
 And evermore undone.

MONTGOMERY.

L. M.

Nearness to Eternity.

- 1 ETERNITY is just at hand; And shall I waste my ebbing sand, And careless view departing day, And throw my inch of time away?
- 2 Eternity without a bound, To guilty souls a dreadful sound! But O, if Christ and heaven be mine, How sweet the accents! how divine!
- 3 Be this my chief, my only care,
 My high pursuit, my ardent prayer,
 An interest in the Saviour's blood,
 My pardon sealed, and peace with God.
- 4 But should my highest hopes be vain, The rising doubt, how sharp the pain! My fears, O gracious God, remove, Confirm my title to thy love.
- 5 Search, Lord, O search my inmost heart, And light, and hope, and joy impart; From guilt and error set me free. And guide me safe to heaven and thee.

416.

S. M.

· 1 To-MORROW, Lord, is thine, Lodged in thy sovereign hand; And if its sun arise and shine, It shines by thy command.

- The present moment flies,
 And bears our life away;O, make thy servants truly wise,
 That they may live to-day.
- Since on this fleeting hour Eternity is hung,
 Awake, by thine almighty power, The aged and the young.
- 4 One thing demands our care; O, be that still pursued, Lest, slighted once, the season fair Should never be renewed.

DODDRIDGE.

417.

8 & 7 s. M.

In Memoriam.

- 1 After life's eventful mission, In her truthfulness and worth, Like a bright and gentle vision She has passed away from earth.
- 2 Lovely she in form and feature! Blended purity and grace!— The Creator in the creature Glowed in her expressive face!
- 3 Angel of a nature human!
 Essence of celestial love!
 Heart and soul of trusting woman,
 Gone to her reward above!

4 Mourners, dry your tears of sorrow,—
Read the golden promise o'er:
There will dawn a cheerful morrow
When we'll meet to part no more.

GEORGE P. MORRIS.

418.

L. M.

The Wreath of Memory.

1 He died, as he had lived, beloved,
Without an enemy on earth;
In word and deed he breathed and moved
The soul of honor and of worth:
His hand was open as the day,
His bearing high, his nature brave;
And, when from life he passed away,
Our hearts went with him to the grave.

What desolation filled our home
When death from us our treasure bore!

O, for the better world to come
Where we shall meet to part no more!
The hope of that sustains us now,
In that we trust on bended knee,
While thus around his faded brow
We twine the wreath of memory.

GEORGE P. MORRIS.

419.

C. M.

Death of the Young.

1 The young, the lovely, pass away, Ne'er to be seen again:

Earth's fairest flowers too soon decay; Its blasted trees remain.

- 2 Full oft, we see the brightest thing That lifts its head on high Smile in the light, then droop its wing, And fade away, and die.
- 3 And kindly is the lesson given;
 Then dry the falling tear:
 They came to raise our hearts to heaven;
 They go to call us there.

MRS. FOLLEN.

420.

L. M.

The Work finished.

- 1 'T is finished! so the Saviour cried, And meekly bowed his head and died; 'T is finished, — yes, the race is run, The battle fought, the victory won.
- 2 'T is finished, all that heaven decreed, And all the ancient prophets said, Is now fulfilled, as was designed, In me the Saviour of mankind.
- 3 'T is finished, heaven is reconciled, And all the powers of darkness spoiled: Peace, love, and happiness again Return and dwell with sinful men.

4 'T is finished, — let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round:
"T is finished, — let the echo fly
Through heaven and hell, through earth and sky.

Stennett.

421. S. M.

" Let me die the death of the righteous."

- O FOR the death of those Who slumber in the Lord!O, be like theirs my last repose, Like theirs my last reward!
- Their bodies in the ground
 In silent hope may lie,Till the last trumpet's joyful sound
 Shall call them to the sky.
- 3 Their ransomed spirits soar,
 On wings of faith and love,
 To meet the Saviour they adore,
 And reign with him above.
- 4 With us their names shall live
 Through long, succeeding years,
 Embalmed with all our hearts can give,
 Our praises and our tears.

CH. PSALMODY.

8 & 7 s. M.

Death of a Sister.

- 1 Sister, thou wast mild and lovely, Gentle as the summer breeze, Pleasant as the air of evening, When it floats among the trees.
- 2 Peaceful be thy silent slumber, Peaceful in the grave so low; Thou no more wilt join our number; Thou no more our songs shalt know.
- 3 Dearest sister, thou hast left us; Here thy loss we deeply feel; But 't is God that hath bereft us: He can all our sorrows heal.
- 4 Yet again we hope to meet thee,
 When the day of life is fled,
 Then in heaven with joy to greet thee,
 Where no farewell tear is shed.

S. F. SMITH.

423.

6 & 5 s. M.

Reunion in Heaven.

1 When shall we meet again, — Meet ne'er to sever? When will peace wreath her chain Round us forever?

Our hearts will ne'er repose Safe from each blast that blows In this dark veil of woes,— Never,— no, never!

- 2 When shall love freely flow, Pure as life's river?
 When shall sweet friendship glow, Changeless forever?
 Where joys celestial thrill, Where bliss each heart shall fill, And fears of parting chill Never, no, never!
- 3 Up to that world of light
 Take us, dear Saviour;
 May we all there unite,
 Happy forever:
 Where kindred spirits dwell,
 There may our music swell,
 And time our joys dispel
 Never, no, never!
- 4 Soon shall we meet again,—
 Meet ne'er to sever;
 Soon will peace wreath her chain
 Round us forever:
 Our hearts will then repose
 Secure from worldly woes;
 Our songs of praise shall close
 Never,—no, never!

SELECT HYMNS.

P. M.

Hope beyond the Grave.

- 1 The knell was tolled, the requiem sung, The solemn burial service read; And tributes from the heart and tongue Were rendered to the dead.
- 2 The dead? Religion answers, "No! She is not dead, — she cannot die! A Christian left this vale of woe! An angel lives on high!"
- 3 The earth upon her coffin-lid Sounded a hollow, harsh adieu! The mound arose, and she was hid Forever from the view!
- 4 Forever? Drearily the thought
 Passed, like an ice-bolt, through the brain;
 When Faith the recollection brought
 That we shall meet again.
- 5 The mourners wound their silent way Adown the mountain's gentle slope, Which, basking in the smile of May, Look cheerfully as hope.
- 6 As hope? What hope? That boundless One God in his love and mercy gave; Which brightens, with salvation's sun, The darkness of the grave.

GEORGE P. MORRIS.

7 & 6 s. M.

The Rapidity of Life.

- 1 As flows the rapid river,
 With channel broad and free,
 Its waters rippling ever,
 And hasting to the sea;
 So life is onward flowing,
 And days of offered peace,
 And man is swiftly going
 Where calls of mercy cease.
- 2 As moons are ever waning, As hastes the sun away, As stormy winds, complaining, Bring on the wintry day; So fast the night comes o'er us,— The darkness of the grave,— And death is just before us:— God takes the life he gave.
- 3 Say, is thy young heart's treasure
 Laid up in worlds above?
 And is it all thy pleasure
 Thy God to praise and love?
 O, seek and find him early;
 While youth and years are bright;
 And he will guide thee surely
 To realms of endless light.

S. F. SMITH.

C. M.

The Departure of the Christian.

- Dear as thou wert, and justly dear,
 We will not weep for thee:
 One thought shall check the starting tear,
 It is, that thou art free.
- 2 And thus shall faith's consoling powers
 The tears of love restrain;
 O, who that saw thy parting hour
 Could wish thee here again?
- 3 Triumphant in thy closing eye,
 The hope of glory shone;
 Joy breathed in thy expiring sigh,
 To think the race was won.
- 4 Gently the passing spirit fled,
 Sustained by grace divine;
 O, may such grace on me be shed,
 And make my end like thine!

DALE.

427.

L. M.

1 Farewell! what power of words can tell
The sorrows of a last farewell,
When, standing by the mournful bier,
We mingle with our prayers a tear!

- 2 O God, extend thy arms of love!
 A spirit seeketh thee above:
 Ye heavenly palaces, unclose,
 Receive the weary to repose!
- 3 Redeemer! thou didst mourn the dead; Be with us in the time of need, And grant us all, from sin set free, At length to rest in heaven with thee!

428.

L. M.

- 1 Life is the time to serve the Lord, The time to insure the great reward; And while the lamp holds out to burn, The vilest sinner may return.
- 2 The living know that they must die; But all the dead forgotten lie; Their memory and their sense are gone, Alike unknowing and unknown.
- 3 Their hatred, and their love, is lost,
 Their envy buried in the dust;
 They have no share in all that's done
 Beneath the circuit of the sun.
- 4 Then what my thoughts design to do, My hands, with all your might pursue, Since no device, nor work, is found, Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.

5 There are no acts of pardon passed In the cold grave to which we haste; But darkness, death, and long despair Reign in eternal silence there.

WATTS.

429.

L. M.

Here and Hereafter.

- 1 How vain is all beneath the skies! How transient every earthly bliss! How slender all the fondest ties That bind us to a world like this!
- 2 The evening cloud, the morning dew,
 The withering grass, the fading flower,
 Of earthly hopes are emblems true,—
 The glory of a passing hour!
- 3 But, though earth's fairest blossoms die, And all beneath the skies is vain, There is a land whose confines lie Beyond the reach of care and pain.
- 4 Then let the hope of joys to come
 Dispel our cares, and chase our fears:
 If God be ours, we're travelling home,
 Though passing through a vale of tears.

PRATT'S COLL.

430.

L. M.

The Righteous Blessed in Death.

1 How blest the righteous when he dies! When sinks a weary soul to rest,

How mildly beam the closing eyes, How gently heaves the expiring breast!

- 2 So fades a summer cloud away,
 So sinks the gale when storms are o'er,
 So gently shuts the eye of day,
 So dies a wave along the shore.
- 3 A holy quiet reigns around,
 A calm which life nor death destroys;
 Nothing disturbs that peace profound
 Which his unfettered soul enjoys.
- 4 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
 Where lights and shades alternate dwell!
 How bright the unchanging morn appears!
 Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!
- 5 Life's duty done, as sinks the clay,
 Light from its load the spirit flies;
 While heaven and earth combine to say,
 "How blessed the righteous when he dies!"

 Mrs. Barbauld.

431. 8 & 7 s. M.

Death of a Pupil.

1 ONE sweet flower has drooped and faded, One loved scholar's voice has fled, One fair brow the grave has shaded, One dear schoolmate now is dead.

- 2 Why should we feel thoughts of sadness?
 For our friend is happy now;
 She has knelt in soul-felt gladness,
 Where the blessed angels bow.
- 3 She has gone to heaven before us, But she turns and waves her hand, Pointing to the glories o'er us, In that happy spirit-land.
- 4 May our footsteps never falter In the path that *she* has trod; May we worship at the altar Of the great and living God.
- 5 Lord, may angels watch above us,
 Keep us all from error free, —
 May they guard, and guide, and love us,
 Till, like her, we go to thee.

MRS. HEMANS.

432.

C. M.

Death of a Teacher.

- 1 What though the arm of conquering death Does now our peace invade; What though our teacher and our friend Is numbered with the dead;—
- 2 Though earthly shepherds sink to rest, No more to guide the young;

The watchful eye in darkness closed, And dumb the instructive tongue;—

- 3 The eternal Shepherd still survives,
 His teaching to impart:
 Lord, be our Leader and our Guide,
 And rule and keep our heart.
- 4 Thy spirit, dearest teacher, fled,
 Sustained by grace divine;
 O, may such grace on us be shed
 And make our end like thine.
 Doddridge.

433. C. M.

- 1 Why should our tears in sorrow flow, When God recalls his own; And bids them leave a world of woe For an immortal crown?
- 2 Is not e'en death a gain to those Whose life to God was given? Gladly to earth their eyes they close, To open them in heaven.
- 3 Their toils are past, their work is done,
 And they are fully blest:
 They fought the fight, the victory won,
 And entered into rest.
- 4 Then let our sorrows cease to flow,—
 God has recalled his own;
 And let our hearts, in every woe,
 Still say,—"Thy will be done!"

C. M.

Death of a Pupil.

- Calm on the bosom of thy God, Young spirit, rest thee now!
 E'en while with us thy footstep trod, His seal was on thy brow.
- 2 Dust to its narrow house beneath!Soul to its place on high!They that have seen thy look in death,No more may fear to die.
- 3 Lone are the paths, and sad the hours, Since thy meek spirit 's gone; But O a brighter home than ours, In heaven, is now thine own!

MRS. HEMANS.

435.

C. M.

Death dreadful without Preparation.

- 1 DEATH! 't is a melancholy day
 To those who have no God,
 When the poor soul is forced away
 To seek her last abode.
- 2 In vain to heaven she lifts her eyes; But guilt, a heavy chain, Still drags her downward from the skies To darkness, fire, and pain.

360

- 3 He is a God of sovereign love,
 Who promised heaven to me,
 And taught my thoughts to soar ahove,
 Where happy spirits be.
- 4 Prepare me, Lord, for thy right hand;
 Then come the joyful day;
 Come death, and some celestial band,
 To bear my soul away.

31

436.

7 & 6 s. M.

- 1 From Greenland's icy mountains,
 From India's coral strand,
 Where Afric's sunny fountains
 Roll down their golden sand;
 From many an ancient river,
 From many a palmy plain,
 They calls us to deliver
 Their land from error's chain.
- 2 What though the spicy breezes Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle; Though every prospect pleases, And only man is vile: In vain with lavish kindness The gifts of God are strown; The heathen, in his blindness, Bows down to wood and stone!
- 3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
 With wisdom from on high,
 Shall we to men benighted
 The lamp of life deny?

Salvation, O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

HEBER.

437.

8 & 7 s. M.

- 1 YES, my native land! I love thee;
 All thy scenes I love them well;
 Friends, connections, happy country,
 Can I bid you all farewell?
 Can I leave you,
 Far in heathen lands to dwell?
- 2 Home! thy joys are passing lovely,—
 Joys no stranger-heart can tell;
 Happy home! 't is sure I love thee!
 Can I,— can I say, Farewell?
 Can I leave thee,
 Far in heathen lands to dwell?
- 3 Scenes of sacred peace and pleasure, Holy days and Sabbath-bell,

Richest, brightest, sweetest treasure!
Can I say a last farewell?
Can I leave you,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

4 Yes! I hasten from you gladly,
From the scenes I love so well;
Far away, ye billows! bear me;
Lovely native land! farewell!
Pleased I leave thee,
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

5 In the deserts let me labor,
 On the mountains let me tell,
 How he died, — the blessed Saviour, —
 To redeem a world from hell!
 Let me hasten,
 Far in heathen lands to dwell.

S. F. SMITH.

438.

H. M.

Spread of the Gospel.

- 1 O Zion, tune thy voice,
 And raise thy hands on high;
 Tell all the earth thy joys,
 And boast salvation nigh.
 Cheerful in God, arise and shine,
 While rays divine stream all abroad.
- 2 He gilds thy mourning face With beams that cannot fade; His all-resplendent grace He pours around thy head;

The nations round thy form shall view, With lustre new divinely crowned.

- 3 In honor to his name,
 Reflect that sacred light;
 And loud that grace proclaim,
 Which makes thy darkness bright:
 Pursue his praise, till sovereign love
 In worlds above the glory raise.
- 4 There on his holy hill
 A brighter sun shall rise,
 And with his radiance fill
 Those fairer, purer skies:
 While round his throne, ten thousand stars,
 In nobler spheres, his influence own.

 DODDRINGS.

439. 7 & 6 s. M.

The Morning Light is breaking.

- 1 The morning light is breaking,
 The darkness disappears,
 The sons of earth are waking
 To penitential tears:
 Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
 Brings tidings from afar,
 Of nations in commotion,
 Prepared for Zion's war.
- 2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us, In many a gentle shower, And brighter scenes before us Are opening every hour;

Each cry to heaven going,
Abundant answer brings,
And heavenly gales are blowing,
With peace upon their wings.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay;
Stay not, till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home,
Stay not, till all the holy
Proclaim the Lord has come.

S. F. SMITH.

NATIONAL.

440.

6 & 4 s. M.

National Hymn.

- 1 My country, 't is of thee,
 Sweet land of liberty,
 Of thee I sing;
 Land where my fathers died,
 Land of the pilgrim's pride,
 From every mountain side
 Let freedom ring.
- 2 My native country, thee, —
 Land of the noble, free, —
 Thy name I love;
 I love thy rocks and rills,
 Thy woods and templed hills;
 My heart with rapture thrills
 Like that above.
- 3 Let music swell the breeze,
 And ring from all the trees
 Sweet freedom's song:
 Let mortal tongues awake;
 Let all that breathe partake;
 Let rocks their silence break,—
 The sound prolong.

NATIONAL.

4 Our fathers' God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.

S. F. SMITH.

441. 6 & 4 s. M.

- 1 Break forth in song, ye trees,
 As, through your tops, the breeze
 Sweeps from the sea;
 For, on its rushing wings,
 To your cool shades and springs,
 That breeze a people brings,
 Exiled, though free.
- 2 Ye sister hills lay down
 Of ancient oaks your crown,
 In homage due;—
 These are the great of earth,
 Great, not by kingly birth,
 Great in their well-proved worth,
 Firm hearts and true.
- 3 These are the living lights,
 That from your bold, green heights
 Shall shine afar,
 Till they who name the name
 Of Freedom, to the flame
 Come, as the Magi came
 Towards Bethlehem's star.

PIERPONT.

6 & 4 s. M.

Prayer for our Country.

- 1 God bless our native land!
 Firm may she ever stand
 Through storm and night!
 When the wild tempests rave,
 Ruler of winds and wave!
 Do thou our country save,
 By thy great might.
- 2 For her our prayer shall rise
 To God above the skies;
 On him we wait;
 Thou who hast heard each sigh
 Watching each weeping eye,
 Be thou forever nigh;
 God save the state!

ANON.

443.

C. M.

Prayer for our Country. Fourth of July.

- LORD, while for all mankind we pray,
 Of every clime and coast,
 O hear us for our native land, —
 The land we love the most.
- 2 O, guard our shores from every foe,
 With peace our borders bless,
 With prosperous times our cities crown,
 Our fields with plenteousness.

NATIONAL.

- 3 Unite us in the sacred love Of knowledge, truth, and thee; And let our hills and valleys shout The songs of liberty.
- 4 Here may religion pure and mild Smile on our Sabbath hours; And piety and virtue bless The home of us and ours.
- 5 Lord of the nations, thus to thee Our country we commend; Be thou her refuge and her trust, Her everlasting friend.

WREFORD.

444.

6 & 4 s. M.

- 1 Gone are those great and good Who here, in peril, stood
 And raised their hymn.
 Peace to the reverend dead!
 The light, that on their head
 Two hundred years have shed,
 Shall ne'er grow dim.
- 2 Ye temples, that to God
 Rise where our fathers trod,
 Guard well your trust,—
 The faith that dared the sea,
 The truth, that made them free,
 Their cherished purity,
 Their garnered dust,

NATIONAL.

3 Thou high and holy One,
Whose care for sire and son
All nature fills;
While day shall break and close,
While night her crescent shows,
O, let thy light repose
On these our hills!

PIERPONT.

445.

7 s. M.

The Golden Rule.

- 1 Thus said Jesus: "Go and do As thou wouldst be done unto." Here thy perfect duty see, All that God requires of thee.
- 2 Wouldst thou, when thy faults are known, Wish that pardon should be shown? Be forgiving, then, and do As thou wouldst be done unto.
- 3 Shouldst thou helpless be and poor, Wouldst thou not for aid implore? Think of others, then, and be What thou wouldst they should to thee.
- 4 For compassion if thou call, Be compassionate to all; If thou wouldst affection find, Be affectionate and kind.

5 If thou wouldst obtain the loveOf thy gracious God above,Then to all his children beWhat thou wouldst they should to thee.

W. Roscoe.

446.

L. M.

The Good Resolution.

- 1 May I resolve with all my heart,
 With all my powers to serve the Lord,
 Nor from his precepts e'er depart,
 Whose service is a rich reward.
- Be this the purpose of my soul,
 My solemn, my determined choice,
 To yield to his supreme control,
 And in his kind commands rejoice.
- 3 O, may I never faint nor tire,
 Nor, wandering, leave his sacred ways!
 Great God, accept my soul's desire,
 And give me strength to live thy praise.

 Mrs. Steele.

447.

L. M.

The Golden Rule.

1 O BLESSED Saviour, how divine, How righteous is this rule of thine; To do to all men just the same That we expect or wish from them.

32

- 2 This golden lesson, short and clear, Should to each mind and heart be dear; For every conscience must approve This universal law of love.
- 3 How blessed would every nation be, Thus ruled by love and equity! All would be friends without a foe, And form a paradise below.
- 4 Jesus, forgive us that we keep Thy sacred law of love asleep; No more let envy, wrath, or pride, But this blest maxim be our guide.

WATTS.

448.

L. M.

Rule of Life.

- 1 My son, be this thy simple plan: Serve God, and love thy brother man; Forget not, in temptation's hour, That sin lends sorrow double power.
- 2 Count life a stage upon thy way, And follow conscience, come what may: Alike with heaven and earth sincere, "Fear God, — and know no other fear."

C. M.

Pleasure of instructing the Young.

- 1 Blest work! the youthful mind to win, And turn the rising race From dark and dangerous paths of sin, To seek redeeming grace.
- 2 Children our kind protection claim; And God will well approve, When infants learn to lisp his name, And their Redeemer love.
- 3 Be ours the bliss, in wisdom's way
 To guide untutored youth,
 And show the mind which went astray
 The way, the life, the truth!
- 4 Thy Spirit, Father, on us shed,
 And bless this good design:
 The honors of thy name be spread:
 Be all the glory thine!

PRATT'S COLL.

450.

8 & 7 s. M.

Psalm of Life.

1 Tell me not, in mournful numbers, "Life is but an empty dream!" For the soul is dead that slumbers, And things are not what they seem.

- 2 Life is real! life is earnest!
 And the grave is not its goal;
 "Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
 Was not spoken of the soul.
- 3 Not enjoyment, and not sorrow, Is our destined end or way; But to act, that each to-morrow Find us farther than to-day.
- 4 Lives of true men all remind us
 We can make our lives sublime,
 And, departing, leave behind us
 Footprints on the sands of time;
- 5 Footprints which perhaps another, Sailing o'er life's solemn main, A forlorn and shipwrecked brother, Seeing, shall take heart again.
- 6 Let us, then, be up and doing, With a heart for any fate; Still achieving, still pursuing, Learn to labor and to wait.

LONGFELLOW.

451.

C. M.

Speak Gently.

1 Speak gently,—it is better far
To rule by love than fear;
Speak gently,—let no harsh word mar
The good we may do here.

- 2 Speak gently to the young, for they Will have enough to bear; Pass through this life as best they may, 'T is full of anxious care.
- 3 Speak gently to the aged one, Grieve not the careworn heart: The sands of life are nearly run, Let them in peace depart.
- 4 Speak gently to the erring ones; They must have toiled in vain; Perchance unkindness made them so: O, win them back again!
- 5 Speak gently, 't is a little thing Dropped in the heart's deep well; The good, the joy, that it may bring, Eternity shall tell.

D. BATES.

452.

L. M.

Why stand ye idle here?

- 1 THE God of glory walks his round, From day to day, from year to year, And warns us each, with awful sound, "No longer stand ye idle here!
- 2 "Ye, whose young cheeks are rosy-bright, Whose hands are strong, whose hearts are clear, Waste not of hope the morning light! Ah, why, why stand ye idle here? 32 *

- 3 "O, if the griefs ye would assuage That wait on life's declining year, Now seek a blessing for your age, And work your Maker's business here!"
- 4 O thou, by all thy works adored,
 To whom the sinner's soul is dear,
 Recall us to thy vineyard, Lord,
 And grant us grace to please thee here!

453.

L. M.

The Altar and the School.

- 1 When, driven by oppression's rod,
 Our fathers fled beyond the sea,
 Their care was first to honor God,
 And next to leave their children free.
- 2 Above the forest's gloomy shade The altar and the school appeared; On that the gifts of faith were laid, In this their precious hopes were reared.
- 3 The altar and the school still stand, The sacred pillars of our trust, And freedom's sons shall fill the land When we are sleeping in the dust.
- 4 Before thine altar, Lord, we bend,
 With grateful song and fervent prayer,
 For thou who wast our fathers' friend
 Wilt make their offspring still thy care.
 W. P. LUNT.

454.

L. M.

For the Blessing of Schools.

- 1 O Thou, at whose dread name we bend, To whom our purest vows we pay, God over all, in love descend, And bless the labors of this day.
- 2 Our fathers here, a pilgrim band, Fixed the proud empire of the free; Art moved in gladness o'er the land, And Faith her altars reared to thee.
- 3 Here, too, to guard, through every age
 The sacred rights their valor won,
 They bade Instruction spread her page,
 And send down truth from sire to son.
- 4 Here still, through all succeeding time,
 Their stores may truth and learning bring,
 And still the anthem-note sublime
 To thee from children's children sing.

C. SPRAGUE.

455.

8 & 7 s. M.

Cradle Hymn.

1 Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber, Holy angels guard thy bed, Heavenly blessings without number Gently falling on thy head.

- 2 Sleep, my babe, thy food and raiment, House and home thy friends provide; All, without thy care or payment, All thy wants are well supplied.
- 3 How much better thou 'rt attended Than the Son of God could be, When from heaven he descended, And became a child like thee.
- 4 Soft and easy is thy cradle, Coarse and hard the Saviour lay, When his birthplace was a stable, And his softest bed was hay.
- 5 Blessed Babe, what glorious features,
 Spotless, fair, divinely bright!
 Must he dwell with brutal creatures? —
 How could angels bear the sight!
- 6 Was there nothing but a manger Cursed sinners could afford To receive the heavenly Stranger? Did they thus affront their Lord?
- 7 Soft, my child, I did not chide thee, Though my song might sound too hard; 'T is thy mother sits beside thee, And her arm shall be thy guard.
- 8 Yet, to read the shameful story
 How the Jews abused their King;
 How they served the Lord of glory,
 Makes me angry while I sing.

- 9 See the kinder shepherds round him, Telling wonders from the sky; There they sought him, there they found him, With his virgin mother by.
- See the lovely Babe a-dressing,
 Lovely Infant, how he smiled!
 When he wept, the mother's blessing
 Soothed and hushed the holy Child.
- 11 Lo, he slumbers in his manger, Where the horned oxen feed,— Peace, my darling, here's no danger, Here's no ox a-near thy bed.
- 12 'T was to save thee, child, from dying, Save my dear from burning flame, Bitter groans, and endless crying, That thy blest Redeemer came.
- 13 Mayst thou live to know and fear him, Trust and love him all thy days! Then go dwell forever near him, See his face, and sing his praise.
- 14 I could give thee thousand kisses, Hoping what I most desire; Not a mother's fondest wishes Can to greater joys aspire.

WATTS.

456.

6 & 4 s. M.

Dedication Ode.

1 THE builder's thought alone, Within this house has grown,

Till this proud day;—
Henceforth shall noble speech,
Brave thoughts that God doth teach,
All wisdom man can reach,
Have here a sway.

- 2 These walls, so cold and still,
 Shall echo to the thrill
 From heart and mind;
 And waves of music sound,
 In graceful swell rebound,
 And cast their wealth around
 For souls to find.
- 3 Thus to our finer eyes,
 A dome of thoughts shall rise,
 These walls adorn;
 For this in faith we wait,
 This may God consecrate;
 And both we dedicate
 In happy song.

MISS E. C. BABCOCK.

457.

8 & 7 s. M.

Hymn for the Times.

- 1 WE are living, we are dwelling
 In a grand and awful time;
 In an age, on ages telling,
 To be living is sublime.
- Worlds are charging, heaven beholding; Thou hast but an hour to fight; Love's pure banner now unfolding, On, — right onward for the right.

- 3 Fear not! spurn the worlding's laughter;
 Friendship's favor trample thou;
 Thou shalt find a long hereafter,
 To be more than tempts thee now.
- 4 O, let all the soul within you,
 For the truth's sake go abroad!
 Strike! let every nerve and sinew
 Tell on ages, tell for God.

A. C. COXE.

458.

8 & 7 s. M.

Angry Words.

- 1 Poison drops of care and sorrow, Bitter poison drops are they! Weaving for the coming morrow Sad memorials of to-day.
- 2 Angry words, O, let them never
 From the tongue unbridled slip;
 May the heart's best impulse ever
 Check them ere they soil the lip.

459. L. M.

Envy.

1 What was it made my bosom swell, When listening to another's praise? Did I regret she'd done so well? And could her worth these feelings raise?

- 2 If I am good, why should I fear, Though others may deserving prove? Should commendation be less dear, Because 't is shared with those I love?
- 3 Far be from me so base a part!—
 The struggle past, I now am free;
 Envy, begone, and leave this heart!
 You shall not find a home with me.

460.

C. M.

The Laborer.

- The laborer, the laborer,
 God's nobleman is he,—
 His works are graven on the soil,
 They float on every sea;
 The keystone in the social arch,
 Utility his crest,
 His days are spent in manly toil,
 His nights yield balmy rest.
- 2 The jewels rare and silken robes
 Of idlers heed we not, —
 The haughty brow and flashing blade
 Of warriors are forgot;
 But he who toils with honest soul,
 Subdues the sternest fate,
 And blessings from a thousand hearts,
 Proclaim him truly great.
- 3 Then blessings on the laborer, Whate'er his calling be;

Though he may burn the midnight lamp,
Or plough the foamy sea,
Or gather in the golden grain,
Or build the stately dome;
To him we owe our country's power,
To him, each happy home.*

33

^{*} The 2d and 3d stanzas of this hymn were written by Miss L. W. FARLIN.

461.

L. M.

Parting Hymn.

- 1 To thine altar, gracious King,
 Now our final gift we bring;
 Sanctify it, that it be,
 Lord, well-pleasing unto thee.
 Loud the surging measures ring,
 While thy gracious love we sing,
 Praise, and thanks, and blessings roll,
 Forth from every grateful soul.
- 2 Thanks for that protecting care,
 Which hath watched us everywhere;
 Shielded us from danger's power,
 Strengthened us in sorrow's hour.
 For our days of calm delight,
 For our hopes which still are bright,
 For each happy memory,
 Lord, we bless and worship thee.
- 3 Now no more our willing feet, Haste where we've been wont to meet; Yet, whate'er our path may be, God of Love, we look to thee.

If o'er flowery plains we tread, Or through deserts drear are led,— Led; by thee, in joy or woe, Fearless in thy love we go.

4 Bless us, Father, — may we be,
In all wisdom, taught by thee:
Blessings rich, from Heaven descend,
On each teacher, schoolmate, friend;
And when life's brief hour is past,
May we meet in heaven at last,
Endless strains of praise to swell,
With no cadence of farewell!

L. W. FARLIN.

462.

7 s. M.

Hymn at Parting.

- 1 As the sun's enlivening eye
 Shines on every place the same,
 So the Lord is always nigh
 To the souls that love his name.
- When they move at duty's call, He is with them by the way; He is ever with them all, Those who go and those who stay.
- 3 For a season called to part, Let us then ourselves commend

To the gracious eye and heart Of our ever-present Friend.

- 4 Father, hear our humble prayer!
 Tender Shepherd of thy sheep,
 Let thy mercy and thy care
 All our souls in safety keep.
- 5 In thy strength may we be strong; Sweeten every cross and pain; Give us, if we live, erelong Here to meet in peace again.

J. NEWTON.

463.

8 & 7 s. M.

At Parting.

- 1 Part in peace! Is day before us?
 Praise His name for life and light:
 Are the shadows lengthening o'er us?
 Bless His care who guards the night.
- 2 Part in peace! with deep thanksgiving, Rendering, as we homeward tread, Gracious service to the living, Tranquil memory to the dead.
- 3 Part in peace! Such are the praises God, our Maker, loveth best; Such the worship that upraises Human hearts to heavenly rest.

S. F. ADAMS.

7 s. M.

- 1 TEACHERS, children, ere we part, Every voice and every heart Join, and to our Father raise One last hymn of grateful praise.
- 2 Though we here should meet no more, Yet there is a brighter shore There, released from toil and pain, There may we all meet again.

465.

S. M.

- ONCE more, before we part,
 O bless the Saviour's name;
 Let every tongue and every heart
 Adore and praise the same.
- Lord, in thy grace we came,
 That blessing still impart;
 We meet in Jesus' sacred name,
 In Jesus' name we part.
- 3 Still on thy holy word We'll live, and feed, and grow, And still go on to know the Lord, And practise what we know.
- 4 Now, Lord, before we part,
 Help us to bless thy name:
 Let every tongue and every heart
 Adore and praise the same.

 33 * 389

466.

L. M.

Closing Hymn.

- 1 Father, once more let grateful praise
 And humble prayer to thee ascend;
 Thou Guide and Guardian of our ways,
 Our early and our only Friend.
- 2 Since every day and hour that's gone
 Has been with mercy richly crowned,
 Mercy, we know, shall still flow on,
 Forever sure, as time rolls round.
- 3 Hear, then, the parting prayers we pour, And bind our hearts in love alone; And if we meet on earth no more, May we at last surround thy throne.

Anon.

467.

S. M.

Christian Fellowship.

- 1 BLEST be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christian love! The fellowship of kindred minds Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne We pour our ardent prayers; Our fears, our hopes, our aims, are one, — Our comforts and our cares.

- 3 We share our mutual woes, Our mutual burdens bear; And often for each other flows The sympathizing tear.
- 4 When we are called to part,
 It gives us mutual pain;
 But we shall still be joined in heart,
 And hope to meet again.
- This glorious hope revives
 Our courage by the way;
 While each in expectation lives,
 And longs to see the day.
- 6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
 From sin, we shall be free;
 And perfect love and friendship reign
 Through all eternity.

 FAWCETT.

DOXOLOGIES.

L. M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom earth and heaven adore,
Be glory as it was of old,
Is now, and shall be evermore!

L. M.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow, Praise him, all creatures here below! Praise him above, ye heavenly host! Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

7 s. M.

Sing we to our God above Praise eternal as his love; Praise him, all ye heavenly host,— Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

8, 7, & 4 s. M.

GREAT Jehovah, we adore thee,
God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, joined in glory
On the same eternal throne;
Endless praises
To Jehovah, Three in One!

8 & 7 s. M.

Benediction.

- 1 May the grace of Christ our Saviour,
 And the Father's boundless love,
 With the Holy Spirit's favor,
 Rest upon us from above.
- 2 Thus may we abide in union With each other and the Lord, And possess, in sweet communion, Joys which earth cannot afford.

NEWTON.

6 & 4 s. M.

To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, Three in One,
All praise be given!
Crown him in every song;
To him your hearts belong;
Let all his praise prolong
On earth, in heaven!

DOXOLOGIES.



C. M.

LET God the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit be adored,
Where there are works to make him known
Or saints to love the Lord.

C. M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, The God whom we adore, Be glory as it was, is now, And shall be evermore.

S. M.

To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, glory be,
As was, and is, and shall remain
Through all eternity!

H. M.

To God the Father's throne
Your highest honors raise;
Glory to God the Son,
To God the Spirit praise:
With all our powers,
Eternal King!
Thy name we sing,
While faith adores.



